THE LIVING AGE

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for February, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

TWO SCHOOLS of thought have developed on the subject of disarmament. One of them, represented by Von Bernstorff, insists that Germany is the only nation that has honestly fulfilled the spirit of the Versailles Treaty, which called for a general reduction of arms in every country. The other group, represented in this issue by Lord Robert Cecil, maintains that the conference planned for 1932 offers real possibilities. More violent advocates of this theory go further and argue that Germany has renounced Stresemann's policies now that the Rhineland is evacuated, and that the rise of the Hitlerites is leading to war.

FRANCE appears to be going through one of those periods of self-questioning that sometimes precede a crisis. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* discusses two books that have lately been attracting wide attention in Paris, and one of the chief political writers on *L'Europe Nouvelle* then attacks the immortal topic of Franco-German coöperation, showing why the present social order in Europe can be maintained only if France and Germany work together.

FEW DIPLOMATS of any country are better equipped than Sir Rennell Rodd to discuss the changes that have occurred since the War in the field of international relations. After a long career, beginning in Berlin in 1884 and including posts in Athens, Rome, Paris, Zanzibar, Cairo, and Stockholm, Sir Rennell in 1909 became ambassador to Italy, where he remained throughout the War. Since that time he has represented his country at Geneva and has served on conciliation committees between Austria and Switzerland and between Italy and Chile. He is the author of several books of verse and of a prose volume entitled *Homer's Ithaka.*

THERE is no keeping Russia off the front pages of our newspapers nowadays and the result is that many Americans have developed a curiosity about what it is like to work and to travel there. We present two authoritative pieces on the subject, both by Germans who have seen the country for themselves. Ernst May is a Frankfurt architect who is helping to put through the Five-Year Plan and Hans Siemsen is a recently returned traveler who has just made a grand tour of the Soviet Republics.

THE ATTEMPTED revolt of Spanish Republicans in Jaca indicates that all is not quiet in Spain. An Austrian correspondent, with no axe to grind, tells exactly what happened, thus not only providing an interesting chapter in contemporary European history but also showing that the struggle against the monarchy is not over yet. The only point his matter-of-fact description omits is that the disaffected element in Spain is chiefly composed of intellectuals who do not always understand the desires of an apathetic people. The ultimate success of any revolt will depend on the army, the labor movement, and the Catalonians —elements that do not always pull together.

READERS long familiar with THE LIVING AGE will easily recall the name of Wolfgang Weisl, many of whose descriptions of Arabian travel we have translated in the past. He is now visiting Kurdistan and describes the automobile journey from Jerusalem. Evidently conditions are now such that tourists will soon be able to make the same trip at no great inconvenience and see some of the wonders of the desert, both natural and archæological.

(*Continued on page 659*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

NOW THAT THE United States has recognized unemployment as a specifically American problem, it is helpful as well as interesting to consider what other countries, faced with the same difficulty, are doing. Germany, as a highly rationalized nation, perhaps bears more resemblance to the United States than England does, but the British speak our language in more ways than one and are also competing directly for many of the same markets. Also, several important public figures in Great Britain have recently made statements on the general condition of world trade. Sir Arthur Salter, for eleven years director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations, has contributed two articles to the London *Times* asserting that Great Britain is not suffering from foreign tariffs or foreign dumping but from inadequate machinery and organization. He suggests, as a remedy, that the banks go out of their way to help native industries erect new plants. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, former Minister of Labor in Stanley Baldwin's cabinet, has contributed a series of articles to the *Observer* in which he agrees with Sir Arthur Salter as to the condition of British trade but offers a different remedy, insisting that Mr. Snowden's stubborn loyalty to Victorian notions of free trade has reduced the country to its present plight. As for Mr. J. L. Garvin, the *Observer's* editor, he whips himself into a real frenzy attacking the three-party system. Since Mr. Garvin professes a fanatical reverence for what he refers to as 'the facts,' it is

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perhaps worth while quoting at this point from John Maynard Keynes, who has analyzed the present Parliamentary line-up as follows:—

> There are, in truth, only three political parties to-day deserving of serious consideration. (1) The party of—shall we say?—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Bevin, and Sir Oswald Mosley. For, assuredly, if we think their temperaments back twenty years or imagine them occupying positions of 'more freedom and less responsibility,' Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would be where Mosley is. Let them not, then, look too schoolmasterlike on his ebullience. (2) The party of Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Snowden. (3) The party of Lord Beaverbrook, the late Lord Birkenhead, and (in spite of 'humbug') Mr. J. H. Thomas. It would be very convenient to be able to call these three parties the Socialist, the Liberal, and the Conservative parties—and they would be fine parties too, corresponding to the things that matter. I would gladly intrust the fortunes of this country sometimes to one of them and sometimes to another, according to the appropriate pace and immediate direction of progress. But, so long as party organization and personal loyalties cut across the fundamental differences of opinion, the public life of this country will continue to suffer from a creeping paralysis.

Here is the way 'the facts' strike Mr. Garvin:—

> Three minorities, none of them able to speak or act surely for the majority of the nation in the old way, have been competing for office or influence or survival under an electoral system which is nearly as much a gamble as a sweepstake. Of three political thimbles, under which is the pea? Amid the aggravated dodging and shuffling and vote-catching characteristic of this bad business, and amid the demagogic competition in legislative bribery, the deeper interests of Britain and the Empire sink slowly toward perdition; and amid the clamor of the three-party cross talk the ordinary elector, man or woman, has no chance to know what is happening. Until we mend our politics in this country we never shall mend our economics; for there will be no driving force behind any decisive policy whatever until it has a solid majority of the nation behind it.

Mr. Garvin then draws this gloomy comparison between Great Britain and Europe:—

> Everywhere abroad we see a gain in competitive advantage by comparison with Great Britain. Look wherever you please. In Europe you will see everywhere, taking trade as a whole, lower wages and longer hours, far lower taxation, an exclusion of British goods from foreign markets while all our competitors enjoy the monopoly of their own markets, and—except for a very limited degree of safeguarding in Great Britain—free access to the British market as well. The enormous and unique cost of our social services has turned out to be another dead weight upon the springs of industry. When that system was started, the idea of statesmanship was that the more labor was secured against the old iniquities of cut-throat competition, the harder labor would work, and with the more cheerful zest. Instead, the moonstruck ideal is that of less work for more pay.

And, finally, though the passage does not occur at the end of the article, Mr. Garvin asks these questions:—

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> Do you, reading these lines, whoever you are, grasp the meaning of this? Do you realize the fact no matter to what party you may belong? Do you understand that the continuation of this tendency means the historic, irretrievable decline of Britain among leading commercial nations, and means nothing else?

Perhaps the Prince of Wales, opening the vast Fair of British Industries in South America, can provide an encouraging answer.

NOTHING in the whole foreign press gives us quite so much pleasure as the writings of Mr. Leo J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review* of London. He is the last articulate Die-Hard extant and his monthly diatribes against the Labor Government combine real perspicacity with a style of English that might have been written by a contemporary of Gibbon. Here is the way he describes the atmosphere of hatred that now infests the House of Commons:—

> Day after day, from the Socialist side of the House, come the most vulgar epithets of abuse. Mr. MacDonald recently, in the House of Commons, referred to the whole Conservative Party as 'swine,' and his followers use this word and such epithets as 'dirty dogs,' 'dirty tikes,' and so forth, daily. The Conservatives, most of them brought up in public-school traditions of ignoring what is bad form, make a mistake in paying no attention to this. What is quite suitable for a young gentleman at Eton in his attitude toward a Thames bargee is not good enough in the later period of life when they both meet in the House of Commons. The Socialists are not at all impressed by the dignity of the Conservative members, they merely think that the latter are afraid to answer back or to draw attention to these ugly daily scenes. They repeat, with gusto, in their own meetings the street abuse they have shouted in the House of Commons, adding, 'And they don't dare answer us back.' For the general Socialist design is not only to 'socialize' all services, all production, all distribution, but to destroy dignity, where it exists, and all the advantages which any class may have from good manners or good breeding.

GERMANY'S VIOLATION of Belgian neutrality in 1914 made it clear for all time that Great Britain could never keep out of any war so close to her own shores. Professor Maurice Gerothwohl, diplomatic correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, is therefore merely reverting to one of the fundamentals of British foreign policy when he emphasizes the 'interdependence of British and Belgian security' and then asserts that there is no danger of Belgium's participating in any of the three wars that now threaten Western Europe—a Polish-German war, a Franco-Italian war, or an Italian-Yugoslav war. For it appears that the Belgian Government has decided definitely that 'Belgium's international commitments are neither greater nor less than, but identical with, Great Britain's. They are wholly governed by the League Covenant, the Rhineland pact concluded at Locarno, and the Kellogg

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Pact.' In other words, the Franco-Belgian Military Agreement of 1920 has now lapsed and France cannot necessarily count on Belgian support in every quarter. Professor Gerothwohl concludes his observations with these words:—

> Neither the present Belgian Government under M. Jaspar nor any conceivable Belgian Government would ever allow Belgium to be forced into a war originating on the Adriatic or the Vistula. The Belgian Parliament would not tolerate so wanton a venture; and four-fifths of Belgian public opinion would revolt at the mere suggestion of it. This is not merely a personal view. It reflects that of an eminent Belgian statesman, who, although not actually in office, is exceptionally qualified by his prestige and his past experience to express the opinion of his country on such a matter, as he expressed it to me only the other day.

TWO YEARS of left-wing rule by the *Cartel des Gauches* nearly reduced France to bankruptcy in 1926. Four years of right-wing rule by Poincaré and Tardieu have now made France the second richest nation in the world in terms of gold but have not brought prosperity to the man in the street. Hence the initial success of the Steeg Ministry, which marks the first revival of the formerly discredited and disrupted *Cartel*. The *Journal des Débats* at once began exclaiming against what it called 'the revolution of 1930' and portrayed M. Briand as the villain of the piece. He is accused of planning to annihilate what remains of French national pride, and his accomplices in the overthrow of Tardieu are reviled as freemasons and internationalists. Up to now the Socialists have steadfastly refused to coöperate with the Radicals and this determination over a period of years has been rewarded by constant gains at Radical expense. Meanwhile the Radicals have collaborated with Tardieu and Poincaré until the Oustric Bank scandal and the unbroken rise in prices without any corresponding increase in wages finally threw them into opposition. The fact that the Steeg Ministry has been able to exist at all has excited the reactionary press to an almost unprecedented degree. The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose sympathies are all with the left-wing parties, writes:—

> Not for thirty years has any Government been attacked with such virulence by the conservative and reactionary press. One has to go back to the days of the Dreyfus affair to find a parallel to the campaign of personal abuse to which M. Steeg and his colleagues have been subjected. The most reckless and unfounded accusations and insinuations have been made against them, and even members of their families have not been spared. Yet their victory was, above all, a victory for clean politics.

The *Journal de Genève's* Paris correspondent, a less excitable individual, interprets the constitution of the Steeg Cabinet as a tactical move by the leaders of the left, who have their eyes on the 1932 elec-

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tions. Their hope is to establish a Government of the left which will be able to outvote the concentration of right and moderate parties that have generally supported Tardieu and Poincaré.

SO JEALOUS is London of its historical position as the money centre of the world that the depletion of the Bank of England's stock of gold and the corresponding influx of gold to France has aroused British suspicions. In order to counteract the idea that the French are willfully pursuing an anti-British financial policy, the London *Statist* has printed a long contribution from a distinguished but anonymous French economist who assures the British public that his country is genuinely distressed and even suffering, too, from the alleged plight of England. His concluding paragraph is particularly noteworthy:—

> It would appear, then, that the fundamental cause of current events lies in more or less permanent disequilibrium in the balance of payments of France and Great Britain. To restore equilibrium purely monetary expedients are inadequate. What is necessary is to devise in each case sound lines of economic policy. For Great Britain, if a French observer may be permitted to express a friendly view, the appropriate remedy would be a policy having for its chief objective a reduction in industrial costs of production; for France, what is wanted is a rational policy of augmented lending abroad. In this latter connection, however, it should be borne in mind that though foreign borrowing in the Paris market will be encouraged by the low discount rate in France, the full potentialities cannot be realized unless the prospect of world peace seems sufficiently assured to make the investor in France feel disposed to risk once more placing his money abroad. In the present position of Europe politics and economics are more closely linked together than ever before. Their interconnection might well be brought to the notice of all those who see in the central banks the authors of each and every crisis with which the world is troubled, and who attribute to the same quarters the magical power of putting an end to each and every crisis at will. There could be no more dangerous illusion than this; for, if we are to have economic stability and material well-being, the first essential task is to establish and consolidate peace.

This bland insistence on the familiar French thesis of security first would be less amazing in a politician than in an economist and, for that reason, will scarcely produce the intended soothing effect on London.

JUST AS THE Five-Power Naval Treaty concluded in London last spring goes into effect, France and Italy are beginning a campaign of competitive building that threatens to disturb the present balance established between England, Japan, and the United States. First Ambassador Gibson and then a representative of the British Foreign Office named Craigie who assisted Ramsay MacDonald at London last year tried to induce the two Latin powers to come to some agreement

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and, if possible, to continue their recent building holiday until 1935, when the next conference will meet. The French press, however, points out that every day that passes brings Italy closer to parity with France and argues against further delay. 'Pertinax,' writing in the *Echo de Paris*, urges both countries to go ahead, prophesying that Italy will not be able to stand the pace. Hector C. Bywater, the foremost British writer on naval topics, has this to say:—

> An ominous feature of the competition is the rapidity with which each power is building its new ships. Italy constructs new cruisers in less than two years, and destroyers and submarines in eighteen months, while the French building rate is little inferior. This almost feverish activity in the rival dockyards is not the least disturbing element in the Mediterranean situation, which undoubtedly gives cause for serious disquietude.

He contends that England has no choice but to join the chase.

IT IS NOW more than clear that Hitler's National Socialist Party continues to grow. The gains it made in the September elections for the Reichstag did not represent its high-water mark of success—that point is still to come. Local elections in Baden and Mecklenburg, for instance, indicate that the combined appeals of reaction and violence are increasing and the Conservative *Saturday Review* of London prints a dispatch from its Berlin correspondent seriously discussing the foreign policy of the 'Nazis.' Hitler's own book, *Mein Kampf*, contains this passage on the subject:—

> Great Britain does not wish Germany to become a world power, but France does not want Germany to be a power of any description. Herein lies an important difference. To-day we do not fight for world power, but for the unification and existence of our country and for the daily bread of our children. If this is taken into consideration, then we can regard only two European powers as our potential allies, Great Britain and Italy.

Another National Socialist, Herr Romberg, a member of the Reichstag, has asserted that Britain's duty is to protect the white race in Africa and in Asia and that Germany must stem the Mongolian tide from Russia, at the same time counterbalancing the efforts of France to bring black Africa to Europe. Like Hitler, Herr Romberg believes in close coöperation between Germany, Italy, and England. What these prodigious theories boil down to is that the National Socialists are urging the development of a bloc of disaffected powers who will oppose Briand's scheme of setting up a United States of Europe to perpetuate the present ascendency of France.

The case for the Centre Party, to which Chancellor Brüning belongs, has been stated by Dr. Wilhelm Kaas, the leader of that group. He

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argues that Germany by fulfilling the Versailles Treaty now occupies 'a practically impregnable moral position.' As for Italy, Dr. Kaas says, 'Meanwhile a group of "revisionist" states has arisen in Southeast Europe under the leadership of Italy, with which we can certainly work together in many questions but to which we cannot surrender our self-evident right to choose our own direction, method, and the time for our steps.' Yet even this moderate man, swayed perhaps by the success of the Hitlerites, warns against the dangers of delay. Europe, he says, will enter a critical phase 'when Germany ceases to hope':—

> The German Samson will not submit to be bound for life to the tumbrel of Versailles, and, if his oppressors are so crazy and devoid of understanding as to make him desperate, the time may come when the Samson tragedy will repeat itself in politics, and when the groups of the *status quo* will be buried under the splintered timbers of their own house.

HOW THE League of Nations handles the disarmament question and the problem of minorities in Poland will go far toward determining German foreign policy for years to come. Elsewhere in this issue we offer some encouraging words from Lord Robert Cecil on one of these topics, but it will take more than words to convince most Germans that the efforts at Geneva to reduce armaments are anything but hypocritical. The London *Observer's* Berlin correspondent makes this prophecy:—

> It is not too much to say that the whole future of the League of Nations as a body worthy of respect in German eyes turns on the manner in which these two questions will be handled at the preliminary conference. If that were the whole aspect of the case, other nations might afford to smile. But Germany's reactionaries are waiting and watching. Dr. Brüning's Cabinet, shaky as it is, will scarcely survive a real disappointment over the disarmament question, which would play straight into the hands of the National demagogues. The manner in which the Polish treatment of German minorities is debated and settled will affect all political parties equally. With two such weapons in hand as an unsatisfactory issue of this conference would provide, Hitlerism would increase in power, foreign credits be endangered, and a Reichstag with a workable majority be put even further off.

The same writer then states that the outstanding change in Germany during the past year has been the enormous increase in the President's power. 'There are,' he asserts, 'not wanting men in responsible positions in Munich and Berlin who find in the state of President Hindenburg's health the only guarantee for internal peace at all.' For 1931 the *Observer's* correspondent also prophesies that Germany will attempt to have the Young Plan revised.

WITH LEADING editorials and feature articles, the London *Times* is doing its utmost to convince the world at large that Russia is planning

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to start another war. A correspondent in Riga has written an interminable dispatch outlining the Russian compulsory-military-service laws and explaining the activities of the League of Aviation and Chemical Defense, whose four million members announce that they are working for 'the militarization of our toiling population.' This organization gets up street parades and conducts propaganda against certain conspicuous European capitalists. Furthermore, Voroshilov, Soviet Commissar for War, has asserted that the increase in pig-iron production called for in the Five-Year Plan 'is not required merely by the latest progress of Socialist construction; it is a pledge for the fighting power of the State, the strengthening of our Red Army.' Efforts are also being made to increase the number of proletarian troops and decrease the proportion of peasant soldiers.

A few days after this information was revealed, the *Times* devoted a leading editorial to the same subject. Whole sentences of the Riga dispatch were incorporated without quotation marks, so that British readers of the *Times* are left in as apprehensive a condition as Russian readers of the *Pravda:*—

> If we are to judge from the Russian press, the Soviet Government is actively preparing for a foreign war. An armed conflict between Soviet Russia and the 'capitalist' countries has always been represented as inevitable by the Bolshevist leaders, except during the period when the party, disheartened by the palpable failures of Communism, was pursuing Lenin's New Economic Policy. The warlike note has become insistent again since that policy has been abandoned, and under Stalin there is a drive more intense than ever toward complete Communism. The existing peace is described in Moscow as a mere *peredyshka*, or breathing space. For months past there has scarcely been a public speech by an important member of the Government or the party without a reference to preparations for 'the coming war.' The war is represented as a war of defense against invading armies from the West, and the masses in Russia are being persuaded by every possible means that European Governments are conspiring to fall upon the Soviet Union and dismember it; the danger, indeed, is insistently impressed upon a credulous people through the newspapers, the theatres, the cinemas, and wireless broadcasts, as well as by lecturers in clubs and factories.

Nor does the *Times* feel that the efforts of the Communist leaders are solely intended to make the Russian people forget the hardships of the Five-Year Plan:—

> It may be that they have to keep their people in a white heat of excitement to enable them to bear the privations imposed upon them, and that they find this war propaganda the most effective means for the purpose. That is on the whole, perhaps, the most likely explanation. But it may be that they think developments possible in which it might suit them to plunge the country into war to avert danger to themselves from the growing popular discontent. That is a possibility which it would be prudent not to leave out of account, especially in view of the high pressure at which the Communist machine is now being driven.

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The scare of a world war against Communism is no longer confined to Russian soil.

IN SPITE of all the troubles that are besetting Russia, the Soviet system seems automatically to attract every country in the grip of an economic depression. Interest in things Russian has grown by leaps and bounds during the past twelve months in the United States, and many Americans now believe that the way for us to win back prosperity is to outfit Russia with modern equipment. To Europe, however, Moscow makes a more sinister appeal. Wretched as conditions may be among the Soviets, they are at least improving, whereas every other European country is going from bad to worse. The virtues of the capitalist system are being so widely questioned that we find many staid reactionaries in a condition of panic. Here, for instance, is what Mr. A. A. Baumann, an influential contributor to the Tory press, has to say in the *Evening Standard:*—

> Some kind of moral myopia seems to afflict our politicians whenever Russia is on the carpet. For to me it seems that morally we might just as well conclude a trading agreement with the Chicago crowd of gangsters as with the Russian Soviets. As an ethical animal I can see no difference between Stalin and Scarface Al Capone. Indeed, I prefer Scarface, for he, at least, makes no pretense of any other object than lining his pockets; whereas Stalin 'bumps off' his countrymen and robs foreigners under the blasphemous plea of regenerating mankind.

But the countries that border on Russia have developed more positive fears. A correspondent of the *New Statesman* describes as follows the state of mind now prevalent in Southeastern Europe:—

> One must remember what Russia means to the peoples of Southeastern Europe. Throughout their history they have lived under the shadow of the towering Russian Empire, often overcome by it, again emerging, but always in fear of it, like the Swiss hamlets which, lying at the foot of some mighty glacier, can never forget the lurking avalanche. And now the Russian avalanche is beginning to move again. Rightly or wrongly, the politicians of those countries do not look upon this new development as one merely of ordinary economic competition. They believe that the real purpose of Russia's new export policy is political and that it is deliberately designed to ruin them. That belief appears natural because the offensive is directed not by isolated private traders but by the state itself; and it has substance in so far as, unlike Tsarist Russia, the Soviets are interested less in conquering territory than in spreading social revolution.

ALTHOUGH the Spanish uprising in Jaca missed fire, the monarchy is by no means secure. Our article by Roman Frisch, describing how the first attempt at revolution failed, indicates that more trouble is ex-

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pected and other foreign correspondents express the same concern. The *Manchester Guardian's* representative in Biarritz makes this report:—

> The battle for liberty is not yet lost in Spain. On the contrary, a few details, from a very reliable source, may be given here to show how uncertain and dangerous is the situation for the victorious Government. On Thursday, December 18th, under the strong pressure of the extremist palace elements, King Alfonso summoned General Martínez Anido to offer him the dictatorship. The King took this step without the knowledge of General Berenguer. Martínez Anido refused. But, of course, next morning General Berenguer was informed of this royal way of 'increasing' his authority amid all the present difficulties.

Since the English have invested large sums of money in Spain, the more conservative papers, reflecting as they do the sentiments of high finance, minimize the rumors that a republic will soon be proclaimed. E. Ashmead-Bartlett of the *Daily Telegraph* interviewed General Berenguer in Madrid and was assured that general elections will positively be held on March 10th. Primo's successor scoffed at the Jaca revolt, saying,—

> I do not think that the recent events show any great desire on the part of the Spanish people for a drastic constitutional change. When the manifestos were dropped among them in Madrid, threatening to bombard the city, they only roared with laughter and continued their promenades in the boulevards or their drinking in the cafés.

This is not such undiluted cynicism as it sounds. The Spanish people are notoriously apathetic about politics and in the present instance not only has the nation at large failed to respond to the appeals of the intellectuals, who are most active in demanding a republic, but the Catalonians have for once refused to make common cause with the anti-monarchist elements in other parts of Spain. Next time, no doubt, the Republicans will be better prepared.

SINCE WE ARE giving over several pages of this issue to an unimpeachable report of the atrocities committed by the agents of the Polish Government in the Ukraine, it is only fair to present the other side of the case. Efforts are certainly being made in various quarters to prove that the Poles are not competent to manage their own affairs and, of course, Germany will be the chief nation to profit from any anti-Polish feeling that is whipped up in the process. Any quantity of editorials in praise of Poland can be found in the French press, but the chief point they make is that the Poles can hardly be expected to attain perfection in the space of ten years after a century and a half of German, Austrian, and Russian oppression. Also the French insist that time is working on the side of Poland, and that the longer an opportunity it has to run its

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own affairs, the weaker the German case for frontier revision will become. But the most important piece of evidence in behalf of the *status quo* comes from Germany itself. Dr. Hellmuth von Gerlach, President of the German League for the Rights of the Man and the Citizen, has made this statement: 'From the international point of view, there is no possible ground for discussion of a rectification of our eastern frontiers, which would amount to annexation pure and simple. The political atmosphere in Europe is heavy, and we must clearly remember that a German-Polish war would lead to a general conflagration compared to which the last war would be child's play.'

VIOLENCE in the vicinity of Smyrna and widespread poverty in the interior of Asia Minor have made the survival of Kemal Pasha and even of the Turkish nation rather problematical. Italy, as we pointed out in these columns last month, is looking forward to a partition of Turkey, while Greece, under the leadership of Venizelos, has made a treaty of friendship with Turkey which will allow Greek citizens to do business once more on Turkish soil. It is calculated that as many as fifty thousand Greeks will take advantage of this opportunity within the next ten years, so that if a new parcelling-out of territory occurs, their nation, too, will have a substantial claim. As for the Turks, they have been virtually forced to let the Greeks back into the country, for the greatest distress now exists in those districts where Greeks and Armenians used to flourish. Then, too, Kemal has introduced so many reforms that opposition has begun to grow and he himself, wearying of his duties as dictator, is allowing the more liberal members of the National Assembly to organize against him. The political future of the country is therefore even more uncertain than its economic recovery.

OF ALL THE defeated powers none has carried on a more vigorous campaign against the existing treaties than Hungary. Its schoolchildren, for instance, are taught to refer to former Hungarian territory that now belongs to other states as 'occupied provinces,' and its politicians have been far less conciliatory than those of Germany in trying to get a new deal. Dr. Franz Klein, Budapest correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, has written a long dispatch entitled 'Hungary and Ourselves' in which he sketches the outlines of German and Hungarian policy. Both nations, he points out, want treaty revision, but Germany, by virtue of her superior size and importance, can achieve her ends by peaceful means, whereas Hungary must make alliances of a somewhat threatening character. But he does not feel that Hungary is headed for

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war. He does not believe that Italy would fight Yugoslavia, even with Hungarian support, and suggests that Mussolini is using his Hungarian connection for the purposes of bluff.

As for Bethlen, he is not committing himself either way. Former Chancellor Seipel of Austria, leader of the powerful Christian Socialist Party there, is said to favor a revival of the Dual Monarchy under Habsburg rule, but Bethlen, who might have played into Seipel's hands when the Heimwehr troops attempted to march on Vienna last October, held aloof. Furthermore, Seipel, as a Roman Catholic prelate, would hardly favor having his country amalgamate with Protestant Germany. It can therefore be argued that Bethlen, without committing himself on the return of the Habsburgs to Hungary, would not care to offend the numerous German and Austrian advocates of the *Anschluss* by demanding a revival of the Dual Monarchy. Dr. Klein insists that Bethlen has not decided whether Hungary will seek treaty revision by aggressive coöperation with Italy or by peaceful coöperation with Germany. The indications are that Bethlen looks with more favor on the Germans, partly, perhaps, because the continuing success of the Hitlerites does not mean peace.

HAROLD NICOLSON, son and biographer of the late Sir Arthur Nicolson, has contributed to the *Evening Standard* a striking little essay entitled, 'What Should We Be without India?' Himself a former member of the British diplomatic service and now an influential journalist, he speaks with authority:—

> Take, for instance, the question of foreign policy. The continuity of our foreign politics, based as they are upon the defense of India, would be abruptly severed. The Mediterranean would henceforward become for us a matter of detached interest—a mere Latin or Hellenic lake. The Egyptian and the Palestine problems would cease to interest us. Our position in regard to the Suez Canal would become that merely of bondholders. Malta at last would cease to be our island and become '*isola nostra*.' Our traditional friendship with Greece would lapse, as might also our traditional hostility to Russia. Our anxiety regarding Turkey and the Straits would cease to be an element in our considerations. Cyprus would join the Greek Empire, Albania would be finally absorbed in Italy, and Europe, for us, would be considered merely in terms of the defense of London.

But he feels that the psychological results would be more important than the political:—

> The first effect, psychological rather than political, will be that our eyes, accustomed for three centuries to look toward the East, will turn their direction and gaze toward the West. We shall cease to think in terms of domination, and shall begin to think in terms of coöperation (even on subordinate terms) with other English-speaking races. We shall, in other words, lose our pride. Will that, I

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wonder, have a good or a bad effect upon our English character? Certain results of this diminution of complacency are self-evident. We shall have, when that time comes, to rely more on intelligence and less on 'character.' It will be no use having dominant characteristics if there is no one left for us to dominate.

I feel, and hope, that the stored energies of our race, thus released from the white man's burden, will find expression in the white man's opportunity. The public-school spirit, when that day comes, will die a sudden death. We shall admire the scientist more even than we admire the Rugger Blue. And when we have returned to the smaller scope, the more restricted area, of the England of Elizabeth, we may recapture something of our old Elizabethan enterprise, we may devote to the things of the mind those vast energies which hitherto we have devoted to the things of the body. For the desire to subjugate alien races is largely a physical desire—an affair of the nerves. Most people imagine that our control of subordinate populations brings out the finest qualities of our race. There are some eccentrics, however, who contend that it would be an excellent thing for the British Empire to cease to be one.

To judge from the growing number of Empire free-traders and imperial crusaders—to say nothing of the likelihood that the next British Cabinet will be Conservative—Mr. Nicolson's hopes are perhaps premature. What matters is the state of mind that prompts them.

POLITICIANS of the Australian Labor Party have often been criticised in London for their habit of contracting state and national loans without making adequate provisions for repayment. Recently, however, some of them have experienced a change of heart. After Sir Otto Niemeyer of the Bank of England had been called in to put Australian finances in order, several members of the present Labor Cabinet went against their party's instructions and successfully floated a conversion loan of over $100,000,000 in their own country. Acting Prime Minister Fenton has emphasized the fact that 100,000 individuals contributed, proving not only that the citizens of Australia have faith in their country's future but also that they have no fear of repudiation. Politically, the loan will result in strengthening the moderate element in the Labor Party. Already the Labor Premiers of Victoria and South Australia have taken Mr. Fenton's side, but the majority of the party still look with suspicion on what the English are pleased to call 'sound financial policy.'

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The foremost British advocate of world peace explains why disarmament should become a reality by the year 1932.

Toward Disarmament

By Lord Robert Cecil

From the *Sunday Times*
London Conservative Sunday Paper

THE Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva finished its labors early last December. Its business was to prepare for the meeting of a general disarmament conference, and it did so by drawing up a skeleton disarmament treaty without figures. The agenda of the conference will accordingly be to write into this draft the figures necessary to convert it into an operative disarmament treaty. The date for the meeting of the conference will be fixed by the Council of the League, and according to all appearance it will be attended by all the states who are members of the League, as well as by the United States of America, Russia, and Turkey. It is understood that the meeting will be held at Geneva not later than the early part of 1932, and it will be by far the most important gathering of its kind that has ever taken place.

It is too early yet to say what are the prospects of its success. But one thing is assured. Within the limits of the draft convention just drawn up practically any degree of disarmament can be included.

Let me make that good by an illustration, and to avoid misunderstanding I will take an imaginary case. Aquitania has an army actually with the colors of 500,000 men, which costs her £40,000,000 a year, of which £5,000,000 is spent on weapons and engines of war. The 500,000 men consist of 100,000 professional soldiers and 400,000 conscripts with an eighteen months' period of service.

Under the convention it will be possible to reduce this army to, say, 200,000 men, of which not more than 50,000 may be professionals. The officers would also be proportionately limited. It follows that unless the professional soldiers are further reduced the conscripts cannot exceed 150,000. We hear a good deal about the importance of limiting trained reserves, that is, the men who have been through their training with the colors and have

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returned to civil life. It is obvious that if you limit the men with the colors you limit the trained reserves; and, indeed, that is the only way in which the latter can be limited. If, therefore, Aquitania's 400,000 conscripts are cut down to 150,000 her trained reserves are limited in the same proportion if the period of service remains the same. If that, too, is diminished the numbers passing through the army will evidently be greater, but they will be less efficient, particularly for aggression—and that is the thing which matters from the peace point of view.

Furthermore, the military budget of Aquitania may be reduced under the Geneva proposals. If her present army costs her £40,000,000, an army of two-fifths the size ought not to cost more than £16,000,000, or, allowing for a possible rise in pay, a little more. We might hope, therefore, that she would agree not to spend more, at the most, than £20,000,000, of which £2,500,000 would be for weapons and munitions.

It is said that this will not be effective in limiting materials. Why not? Suppose our military estimates were cut in half in this way, does anyone suppose that our armament would be unaffected? If it is meant that a country determined to disregard its treaty obligations could conceal its real expenditure, that is possible. But that is equally true of any conceivable disarmament provision.

One criticism may be truly made. Budgetary limitation does not touch existing stocks. But at present the various countries are not prepared to divulge to the world what their stocks are. The Dutch tried to secure, not the limitation of, but publicity for such stocks. They failed. I regret it, but so it was, and if you cannot get publicity for, *a fortiori*, you will not get limitation of existing stocks. Nor is it quite as important as it sounds. The science of armament happily—or unhappily—is developing rapidly, and on the other hand the nations are poor. They will not readily lock up large sums of money in armaments which may easily be obsolete in five or ten years' time.

So much for the army. In some respects more drastic provisions are foreseen in the convention for the navy. In the supposed case of Aquitania, it would be possible to cut down to any extent the number and period of service of her soldiers, together with the total amount to be spent on her army and, in particular, on its weapons and engines of war. The number and size of her warships in each class could be limited, together with the calibre of the guns mounted thereon, and the number of her sailors, and the amount of the naval budget. So, too, her airmen and aircraft can be restricted, and, let us hope, eventually the amount of money spent on them.

No doubt there remains the possibility of evasion, and to meet this a Permanent Disarmament Commission is to be created at Geneva, whose duty will be to watch over the progress of disarmament and report at least once a year how the treaty is being carried out. That is not a perfect precaution. But I believe its actual, and still more its moral, effect will be considerable. Will there not be a great opportunity for disarmament when the conference meets? Surely there will; and the use which is made of that opportunity depends upon the nations and their Governments.

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Two books on France, one by André Siegfried, the other of German origin, have provoked an international debate on the subject of whether the French are divinely changeless. Two critics, one English, one French, argue it out.

Is God FRENCH?

An International Symposium

I. The Mind of France

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

THE ATTENTION of the French reading public has lately been captured to an extent rare outside the domain of fiction. Both the books which are being discussed have misleading titles. Professor André Siegfried, in his *Tableau des partis en France*, is only indirectly concerned with the intricacies of French party politics. Dr. Friedrich Sieburg's *Dieu, est-il Français?* bore a different title in the original German, and might equally well be called *Le Français, est-il Dieu?* Professor Siegfried, as a distinguished French economist, has made the study of national character from the political and economic point of view his special field. In this monograph he approaches the political life of his own countrymen by the path of a lifelong contact with their moral and political outlook. Dr. Sieburg, a close observer with a gift for detachment rare in a German, used the five years he spent in France after the War as correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for a careful study of the French character as a factor in some Pan-Europe of the future. A letter written by his publisher, M. Bernard Grasset, to Dr. Sieburg, and incorporated in his volume, may be said to represent the reaction of the ordinary Frenchman of affairs to the criticisms and comments of both books.

For there is a great deal of similarity between the estimates formed by Professor Siegfried and Dr. Sieburg. Both are concerned with the question whether, in a world that is undergoing

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such vast changes toward a more rational organization of the collective effort, France is keeping step and holding her traditional place in the van. Both are more than a little doubtful. M. Bernard Grasset, with a touch of that self-satisfaction so evident to foreigners as the hallmark of the average Frenchman, is convinced beyond all argument that France is fulfilling her mission with an amplitude for which the world should love her and be eternally grateful. He has received the thanks of large sections of the French press for putting Dr. Sieburg back into his proper place. France loves to be loved, not for her faults, or even in spite of them, but because they must be deemed not to exist.

The question of France's future in Europe and the world is too vital to the other nations to permit of its being discussed in this spirit, or dismissed with high-sounding phrases. But, now that Professor Siegfried has presented his estimate of his own people with such charm of reason and writing, it is well that foreigners should take note of what he has to say. As might be expected from one who has sought his material from men rather than books, he is suspicious of facile generalizations, especially when applied to nations. He discards 'the type of French people the foreigner usually meets' as being of little interest for his purpose, and he seeks the heart of his country in the provinces, where is formed and maintained the system under which France is living to-day. For the necessary international comparisons he is equipped with a degree of experience few of his compatriots can share.

When one speaks about Frenchmen, Professor Siegfried observes, one immediately begins to particularize. They are a nation of individuals, an adult nation. They are a nation of individualist peasants, artisans, bourgeois. Of the 8,500,000 agriculturists, 5,000,000 are their own masters. Eleven per cent of the industrial population are either workers on their own account or employer-proprietors. If we accept his definition of bourgeois as 'one who has reserves' it is evident to any observer in France that this represents a very large part of the nation. Here it is less easy to come by statistics, but on any estimate of the national wealth and the national income it must be equally obvious that the average of these reserves is relatively small.

The result is a self-centred people, with a curious admiration for the epithet, 'small.' As though there were some inherent magic in the conception, it is the dream of millions of Frenchmen to acquire a small property, to build a small house, to own a small business, to amass a small private income. Professor Siegfried perceives in this a key to the French character in its resistance to the march of collective development. It is an attitude that involves more than a touch of mediocrity. It is the outcome of incredible toil. It makes the individual solitary and unsociable. The 'small' Frenchman, who thus makes up the bulk of his country, trusts nobody. He barricades himself inside his house as though in a fortress. He is suspicious, he calculates even in the most intimate details of his life.

Hence his persistent and obstinate individualism. Except under the severest pressure he will have nothing to do with coöperation, whether in his eco-

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nomic life or in matters of social order. How, asks Professor Siegfried, is individualism of this kind going to fit in with the changing world? How will the French individual react to contemporary industrial evolution? He does not answer the question.

YET the point of cleavage between the old and the new has clearly been reached. Capitalist production on a large scale is thrusting forward into the individualist system that came into being in the eighteenth century. It is changing the character of the workman, who, in becoming the slave of the machine ('working on the chain,' as the French phrase goes), loses that pride of the craftsman, that intense love of work done well for its own sake, and becomes embittered, discontented. Between him and the bourgeois the gap has widened. The bourgeois has associated the priest with the gendarme as an element in the maintenance of order, and has thereby become clerically minded for reasons in which religion has little part. As Professor Siegfried puts it, in one hundred years a whole class has passed over to the other side of the barricade. Even on the land the division has become evident. There is a rural movement against the large proprietor, against agricultural production organized under the sign of capital. The existence of the movement is proof that the thing itself is already there.

Resistance is thus the dominant purpose of French democracy. The best energies of the French people, Professor Siegfried observes, are spent in asserting this aggressive and doctrinal individualism. If a deputy rises to insist that the railways should run properly, he is branded as a reactionary; if he intervenes in a debate on the efficiency of the telephone service, he is in all probability solely concerned to prevent the telephones from falling into the hands of private enterprise. He does not care whether they function as telephones or not: 'Perish the telephones,' quotes Professor Siegfried, 'rather than a principle.' Social progress, hygiene, and so forth are regarded as a menace to liberty. Confronted with modern problems, the solution of which requires strict discipline, the doctrinal and even anarchical individualism of France is almost entirely powerless. The dispute resolves itself into a conflict of values: the sacrifice of the benefits or sacrifice of the individual. France does not hesitate before the choice; the preservation of the individual is instinctive. The French people are so satisfied with their mode of life that they have no desire to change. As Professor Siegfried remarks, they cannot imagine any other.

In its simpler aspect this life appeals also to some who are not French. Dr. Sieburg writes with emotion of the homesick feeling that overcame him when the time arrived for him to leave France. The resistance of the country to all that a German would call progress could not escape his notice. But, having himself been emancipated for a brief hour from the precision of the German machine, with its wealth of laws and regulations, its rationalization of industry, its precise and efficient bureaucracy, and all that is connoted by the word *verboten*, he has asked himself whether there is not room in the world for one country where just measure for the individual

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counts far more than social perfection. For the moment he answers in the affirmative. He appears to have loved France sincerely, for her faults and in spite of them, if not for herself. He contrasts the spiritual advantages obtained by a resistant France with the soul-destroying fruits of progress in countries that imagine themselves in the van of civilization, and inclines to the side of disorder. He remarks upon the inaccuracy of her statistics, the untidy railway stations, the independent spirit of her tradesmen, the sketchy methods of her technicians, the impossible telephone services and misguiding time-tables, but is prepared to accept them as a fair price paid for personal liberty.

But when it comes to the future of France in Europe it is evident that Dr. Sieburg parts company with Professor Siegfried in the conviction that it will not do. He, too, desires to see France joining in the future synthesis as a predominant and, indeed, indispensable partner. He also sees with some misgivings that France regards all technical and social progress on the part of the other nations in the light of a personal affront. There begin the German reservations. 'We cannot,' he observes, 'renounce our future just because France is unwilling to detach herself from her past.' There are afoot in Europe, he perceives, new forces of solidarity and collaboration. Against these France is defending herself by every possible means, and is thereby to-day the great obstacle to progress. She is unwilling to take leave of the sumptuous ideology from which she has derived her glory and her grandeur. What is now at stake is her pretension to be the centre of a European solar system in which others must accept the light of her leadership or themselves perish. As long as France believes this she will remain an obstacle to the evolution of the world. All such claims to spiritual hegemony were definitely destroyed by the War.

The plain speaking of these two books has come as something of a shock to French complacency, if we may judge from their reception by the French people. It is something nobody has ventured to say with such frankness before, and never before has public opinion paid it the slightest attention. M. Grasset's reply is in effect that France is prepared to accept a serenade, but is too sure of herself to listen to vague murmurings of 'progress' by voices from without. Doubtless there will be other answers; it would be pessimism indeed to accept this as final.

II. The Destiny of France

By Wladimir d'Ormesson

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

A YEAR AGO Friedrich Sieburg published in Germany under the title, *Gott in Frankreich*, a book that has just appeared in French translation as *Dieu, est-il Français?* and that has created terrific excitement. Its success is deserved, for it possesses a rare quality. Not only does its author give one of the finest if not one of the most complete analyses of the French

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spirit ever attempted, but he also introduces good humor into a controversy that has been agitating many social and intellectual groups.

It is one of the privileges of our tormented time and one of the proofs of our vitality that ideas are germinating and that attempts are being made on every hand to interpret and codify all the thousand influences at work in the world. In this respect our epoch is a religious one, and presents a complete contrast to the mediocre somnolence that prevailed before the War. In France we are not very familiar with mass psychology, preferring, as we do, individual psychology. As Amiel said, 'Of every ten Frenchmen, nine are novelists and one a philosopher; of every ten Germans, nine are philosophers and one a novelist.' Such a book as André Siegfried wrote about the United States aroused our enthusiasm because it treated American civilization in terms of individual psychology. That was what marked it as a work of art. It was not weighed down with unnecessary figures, but contained simply the essential outlines and specific traits that mark a race and a nation and that constitute their original character.

Herr Sieburg's book is not of equal scope but it is a work of the same order. Its author presents to the German people a psychological explanation of France based on individual psychology. I do not know what the Germans think of this book or whether it has satisfied their taste for political metaphysics, but I am sure that Frenchmen will read *Dieu, est-il Français?* with the greatest interest. For this book is a mirror that reflects us quite clearly, though not quite completely. Human drama resides in the fact that man can see himself only in a mirror, yet a mirror gives him a transposed image, so that in the last analysis man has never known himself and never will.

Before he served as a valiant aviation officer and before he became one of the most distinguished journalists in the world, Friedrich Sieburg used to be a poet. *Gott in Frankreich* proves this. With a light touch, Herr Sieburg paints a series of pictures of France, past and present, Parisian and provincial, which together express perfectly the idea that the author has conceived of our country and that he tries to impart to his readers.

If the book contains a certain irony, and if here and there some little point grates slightly on our nerves, Herr Sieburg has none the less done justice, with a loyalty that all Frenchmen will appreciate, to certain absurd opinions of us that are current abroad, especially in Germany. In spite of all legends to the contrary, he knows that the Frenchman is neither frivolous, militaristic, easily offended, nor thirsty for power. He sees him as he is, laborious, serious, disciplined, balanced, and totally and essentially peaceful and pacific. Herr Sieburg is unquestionably the first German to write that 'Poincaré carried in his heart a profound desire for peace.' Herr Sieburg loves France and says so. He has felt the charm of our horizons, our little towns, our Sundays, our family life, and our customs. He understands the greatness and the continuity of the 'French gesture' from the time of Joan of Arc to the battle of the Marne.

But behind this sympathetic understanding a network of sentiment lies hidden, including a tenderness

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amounting to admiration as well as a certain condescension and even a note of sarcasm; for Herr Sieburg's profound idea is that France, to which he pays such splendid homage and whose many qualities he believes are misunderstood, belongs more to the past than to the present and even less to the future. The French, he says, are 'delayed,' they cling to what they possess with gestures of fear and avarice. France is no longer capable of creating political forms that correspond to the human ideals of modern times. It remains devoted to ancient forms because it is 'too weak' to believe in new ones. Like Andalusia, France turns its back on Europe, but it must pull itself together and change.

Yes, France must change, because as long as it remains faithful to its outworn ideals the necessary evolution of Europe and of the whole world will be hampered and warped. Such is the general theme on which Herr Sieburg has constructed his book and from which this paradox gradually arises, to wit, that France at present is 'indispensable to Europe' and that Europe cannot do without France, yet that if France achieved the impossible and changed its way of acting and thinking, it would no longer be the France that Herr Sieburg loves, that he has sworn never to lose, and that he considers indispensable to Europe.

THE truth is that Herr Sieburg's criticism is hardly new. It keeps recurring throughout the long psychological history of our two peoples, but since the War, or rather since the Versailles Treaty, this criticism has assumed new vigor and freshness, and other Germans, including Spengler, Keyserling, and Thomas Mann, have set forth the same thesis with less subtlety and tact than Sieburg. In a letter published at the end of the book Bernard Grasset replies with great gentleness and much talent to what Friedrich Sieburg has to say. He takes up the famous distinction between culture and civilization that Nietzsche once expressed in the mathematical formula, 'Meistersinger is to civilization as Germany is to France,' and that Spengler has developed by opposing the Faustian spirit of Germany to the Apollonian spirit of France. Bernard Grasset argues for civilization, setting forth an intelligent definition of it as it is conceived in France and he justifies this definition with perfectly chosen arguments.

But his reply to Sieburg suddenly takes a passionate turn and becomes strictly up-to-date when he answers the appeals of the German by saying, 'Now understand that it is not within our power to save you from a revolution if you must undergo one. We could have no effect on the causes that would provoke a revolution. These causes you yourself singularly fail to understand or at least pretend not to understand. The crisis from which Germany is suffering is only in appearance an economic crisis; in reality it is a crisis of growth like those that the individual undergoes as he develops. You are now paying for the privileges of liberty.' Here we touch on the heart of the German question and hence on the heart of the Franco-German debate. Grasset was a thousand times right to pick this question out and it is on this question that the book ends. But though I agree with Grasset on the necessity of raising the problem as he has raised it, I do not

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agree with him in the way he judges the German crisis, for what Grasset really says to Sieburg is this, 'The crisis you are undergoing does not concern me. It is a crisis of growth. You are putting liberty to the test.' For my part, I do not believe at all that it is a crisis of growth; I believe that it is a crisis of an infinitely more tragic order, one that is involving the whole world.

To my mind, the problem that Grasset has so intelligently raised from Sieburg's book comes down to a much more simple and tragic point. To explain it completely we should have to turn to André Siegfried's last book, *Tableau des partis en France*, a great analysis of French political psychology, and also to take into account Pierre Viénot's striking series of lectures on 'The Crisis of Bourgeois Civilization in Germany.'

Siegfried is indeed correct,—every page of his book proclaims it,—we Frenchmen are essentially a 'bourgeois nation.' I use those two words together purposely. For 'bourgeois' in a certain sense also means 'individualist,' but, while the Frenchman is an individualist in his private life, Frenchmen as a whole constitute the most homogeneous and most firmly rooted nation in the world.

The situation in Germany is precisely opposite. Germans are gregarious in their private lives, whereas in their national life they are individualists. The Franco-German question is not only an antagonism between culture and civilization; it is also the drama of a solid bourgeois nation contrasted with a nation where the middle class is crumbling. Here in France we have changeless social forms, whereas in Germany social forms are being greatly altered. Here in France we have an edifice built on indestructible individualist foundations, while in Germany we have a structure that is crumbling not only under the attack of new ideas but under the pressure of economic necessity.

THE problem does not stop at the German frontier. It extends the world over. The beginning of the twentieth century marked the climax of the bourgeois age that had its beginnings in the Renaissance and that the French Revolution officially inaugurated. The World War, which was not an accident but the first manifestation of a crisis, marks the point of departure of a new age. Yet that man is blind who would impute only to the War the difficulties that are overwhelming the world we live in. These difficulties arise chiefly from a condition of disequilibrium that has been preparing itself for a long time, a lack of balance between old-fashioned political and social forms and new economic forms. The War only precipitated matters, made them more serious and complicated. The problems themselves were inevitable.

These are mass problems, problems of production and consumption, problems of mechanization, rationalization, and unemployment. In short, the whole problem that Sieburg implicitly raises and that Grasset and even Siegfried suggest can be summarized as follows: Is France really too weak, as Sieburg claims she is, to understand what is going on beyond her own frontiers? Will she fall back on her own resources on the pretext that this fermentation abroad is a matter of

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complete indifference to her, as Grasset argues? Or, as I believe, affirm, and hope, is France strong enough, alive enough, rich enough in wealth and wisdom, faithful enough to her historic mission, to struggle against the disorderly tendencies of the day?

Let no one tell me that this conception of mine is empty talk and that it has no practical application. For if other nations are looking at us on every side they look at us not only with jealousy and rancor, as is often said to be the case; they look at us chiefly with anxiety. They look to France because almost all the nations of the earth are now ailing and France is absolutely healthy; because the world is accustomed to receiving from France comprehensive, human, well-balanced ideas; because we put everything in its proper place, both reason and sentiment; because, in the struggle now going on between past values and the obscure fermenting forces of the present, France would act not only as a brake but as a transformer.

After all, the task is to transform revolutionary currents into orderly, intelligent forces. France is the last guard of the European middle class.

Am I urging a bourgeois crusade? Let me make myself clear. The word 'bourgeois' does not only suggest a man with a little savings-bank account, a small piece of land, and a pension. It also suggests an ideal. It is the ideal of a society delivered from slavery in any form, delivered from poverty and anxiety for the morrow, able to elevate, cultivate, and enrich its spirit. It is based on the immanent dignity of the human being. Will France remain faithful to this ideal? That is the question that the books by Sieburg and Siegfried both raise.

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From 1883 to 1925 Sir Rennell Rodd has been an active and conspicuous British diplomat. He served as Ambassador to Rome before and during the War and later became a British delegate to the League of Nations. In his leisure hours he is a graceful writer of verse.

Diplomacy Old *and* New

By Sir Rennell Rodd

From the *Spectator*
London Conservative Weekly

THOUGH TO-DAY we speak loosely of an old and a new diplomacy, there are certain fundamental aspects which do not change. These are based on the different mentalities of different races. The characteristic mentality of a nation does not alter with the times. It is something inherent and fundamental that no amount of education and experience will eradicate. A long experience of European countries, for instance, leads me to believe that the Latin races are as a rule incapable of appreciating the principles which govern the conduct, both public and private, of the Northern races, while, for their part, the latter fail to appreciate and to apprehend the peculiar mentality of the former.

But diplomacy is certainly undergoing considerable changes, both in form and in effect. Particularly has this been evident in the years following the War. The rise to power of the United States in the West and of Japan in the East, the increasing political importance of the Dominions, the linking up of diplomacy with industrial and economic issues—these and other factors have in comparatively recent years considerably extended the scope of diplomatic activity. Diplomacy has had to undertake new functions and new responsibilities. It, in common with other institutions, has in recent years become very much democratized. The old pomp and circumstance which surrounded its assumed mysterious functions are gradually disappearing. No longer is

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the fate of nations decided by intrigues and drawing-room influences. In that respect at least the new diplomacy has changed very considerably. We find further evidence of this change in the modern tendency of diplomats and ambassadors to be less reticent.

But I think that the real significance of the term 'new diplomacy' lies somewhat deeper than these superficial changes indicate. The old diplomacy, at least in most cases, acted on the assumption that an issue which could not be satisfactorily solved by peaceful negotiations would as a matter of course be referred to the judgment of arms. War was generally accepted as a last resort. It may be observed that one of the fundamental characteristics of what is called the 'new diplomacy' seems to be the ultimate deciding factor. Certainly, to a close observer of the trend of international thought evidence has not been lacking of the development of this modern conception during the past half century. In justice to the old diplomacy, it may indeed be said that it really anticipated the popular and universal aspirations of the present day for a peaceful settlement of all international differences. Before public opinion had been able to exercise any very real influence on these matters, diplomacy was the only effective instrument for postponing or preventing the settlement of grave international issues by force. But to whatever extent this has been a characteristic of the diplomacy of the last fifty years, it is certain that post-war diplomacy at last has been deeply permeated by the new spirit.

A further and perhaps less satisfactory change that is taking place in diplomacy is the tendency, particularly in post-war years, for serious international affairs to be discussed and thrashed out by the politicians of different nations assembled together in conference. One may describe this as 'diplomacy by conference.' It has much to recommend it to the superficial observer. I should be the last to decry its advantages in certain circumstances. But what we must not fail to consider is the competency of those who take part in these problems to understand and appreciate the complicated and delicate matters with which they are dealing. Generally these representatives are party politicians, with little or no training in the intricacies and undercurrents of international affairs. In perfect good faith they adhere to policies which they consider advantageous to their own country and in the interest of world peace generally. But, unfortunately, their inexperience and the difficulty they encounter in dislocating themselves from party prejudices, added to their lack of expert knowledge, may very likely lead to the adoption of shortsighted policies.

PERHAPS one conspicuous instance of the disadvantages of amateur, as compared with professional diplomacy, is to be seen in the relative consequence of the European settlements which followed the Napoleonic Wars and the Great War. Though the comparison is not exactly fair, as international affairs then were far less complicated than now, nevertheless it is certainly very significant that after the Napoleonic Wars, France, after suffering defeat by the rest of Europe, emerged from the resultant

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peace treaty with her old frontiers almost untouched. The negotiators of that treaty were experts, and they were unprejudiced and untouched by the currents of popular opinion. Later events proved their wisdom and justified their work. If we regard the settlement which followed the Great War from the same standpoint, it must be admitted that the old diplomacy by experts in their profession achieved better and wiser results and a more acceptable settlement generally than can be claimed by the new diplomacy of conference. Perhaps it may not be unfair to suggest that if the politicians had devoted their energies to a solution of the broad problems of an economic and constitutional nature, and left the settlement of frontiers and the readjustment of populations to those who had specialized in the study of these matters, the results might have been more equitable and satisfactory.

However that may be, there is another and very important criticism which may reasonably be leveled at the modern tendency of party politicians to undertake in person the settlement of the many and delicate questions which from time to time arise between one nation and another. In such cases the words of a responsible minister, words, perhaps, which were uttered on the spur of the moment and in the heat of debate, bind him irrevocably. They cannot be explained away or disavowed by a higher authority, and even though on further consideration he may come to the conclusion that he has acted or spoken precipitately, he is bound to stand by his expression of opinion, and risk the possibility of an international misapprehension. On the other hand, a professional diplomatist, whose specialized training has, or should have, given him a reasonably good insight into the mentality of particular nations and trained him to beware of precipitate utterances, is on the whole less likely to make rash statements. Moreover, even if he does, or if he exceeds his mandate, he is not the person with whom rests the final responsibility, and it remains within the discretion of the government of the day to attenuate their significance and even, if necessary, to disavow him.

The diplomat of to-day has to face problems and complications which were entirely foreign to his predecessors. Not the least important and responsible of his new duties is to observe and, if possible, regulate the effects of propaganda. This new and insidious weapon, which has come into existence only in recent times, may, if abused, constitute a very real and a very serious obstacle to the harmonious working of international relations. Modern propaganda may reasonably be described as an effort to shape public opinion in favor of certain specific aims. In these days, when one or more newspapers are read in practically every home, people are apt to attach undue importance to the seemingly authoritative and authentic statements and arguments which they see in print. Then politicians abroad —particularly now when democracy flourishes almost everywhere—are apt to be impressed with the idea that policies and presumptions thus extensively diffused in conspicuous public organs are truly representative of the thoughts and feelings of the nations; whereas, they may be, and often are, the views of an individual.

This danger the modern diplomat

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has to offset by representing to foreign powers, as impartially as is humanly possible, the actual state of public feeling. Obviously such a task is one that presents difficulties and dangers that only an expert can successfully encounter. That fact alone leads me to think that, despite the tendency to decry the old diplomacy, the modern diplomat and the diplomat of the future will need even to a greater extent the same qualities of intellect and character, the knowledge of foreign mentalities, the unprejudiced view, the impartiality in regard to persons and policies, the ability to discount temporary prejudices and passions—the qualities, in fact, that can only be the outcome of specialized training and wide experience.

The Lesson of the Universe

By HENRY NORMAN

From the *New Statesman*

'We shall not measure time in ordinary seconds, but in terms of a mysterious unit equal to a second multiplied by the square root of −1. . . . If we are asked why we adopt these weird methods of measurement, the answer is that they appear to be nature's own system. . . . The universe appears to have been designed by a pure mathematician.'—SIR JAMES JEANS, *The Mysterious Universe*.

Millions, and galaxies, and grains of sand,
And universes, and—above all—Jeans.
But how amid the whirling waves we stand,
He hesitates to guess, or what the puzzle means.

Yet it seems clear, when his last page is read,
The lesson is, after all said and done—
'Lift up your heart, and bow your puzzled head,
Before the nonexistent root of minus one.'

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Two German visitors to Soviet Russia tell what it is like to work and travel there. Although neither one is a Communist, both imply that the Five-Year Plan is working out satisfactorily.

Inside RUSSIA

By Two German Visitors

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt Liberal Daily

I. On the Job in Russia

By Ernst May

FIVE WEEKS AGO we began working, endeavoring, in spite of all the difficulties that our new situation involved and especially in the face of our insufficient knowledge of Russian, to become fully acquainted with prevailing conditions. We rushed about in every direction to collect the material we needed. One man set himself up in an observatory and studied all the scientific material that was being compiled there on the climatic conditions of the country. Another made an intensive study of Russian flora, paying particular attention to Moscow's excellently tended botanical gardens. His task is to make grass grow, for even in the barren steppes he is supposed to summon vegetation into existence.

At the innumerable special meetings we attended we were taught the fundamentals of Russian architecture, especially the construction of private houses, hospitals, and schools. Several members of the Building Institute showed us a very interesting building exhibition where Russia's valuable work in this field is on display. Visits to new buildings in Moscow clearly revealed to us how successfully Russia's efforts in new forms of creative activity have been pursued and what measures are being taken to correct any errors so far made.

And then one fine morning came the summons to set forth at once for Magnitogorsk in the Ural Area of Asiatic Russia, not far from the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains. Within twenty-four hours our staff had assembled and we had boarded the special cars that were to take us

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on our round-trip journey of three thousand miles.

This journey was anything but a hardship and we had to laugh when we recalled how people had warned us, with a mixed air of wisdom and pleasure, that we should starve to death on the steppes of Russia. For the authorities had provided us with caviare, chocolate, cigarettes, sausages, and other supplies which were served to us the whole length of our journey, during which we were also regaled with eggs, milk, butter, and chickens provided by peasant women at almost every station. Each time we made a stop of any considerable length, and this happened not infrequently, our interpreter, Yelenichka, hastened to the hot-water kettle in the station to make us tea. The result was that we drank tea seven or eight times a day and our versatile interpreter also prepared meals for us in our own comfortable compartment. But we were most delighted of all when Yelenichka would clean our compartment by sipping a mouthful of water from a basin, then spitting it out as elephants do in zoos. At such moments we remembered with the greatest pleasure all the good hygienic advice that had been given us in Frankfurt.

Our journey lasted four and a half days—which is not long for Russia—yet the time seemed to fly. The landscape was of immense extent but never boring. It would be varied now and then by deep valleys where the rain had washed away all the surface soil, and at other times we made our way through swamps with underbrush worthy of the jungle or crossed turbulent streams whose wild banks had a strange charm. The villages seemed to have grown out of the soil. The wooden walls of the houses were brown, while their straw or wooden roofs were of a more yellowish color. One settlement would be overrun with Orthodox churches and the next one would have nothing but mosques.

Most of the villages looked bare and had almost no regular trees at all, but now and then we passed one with extensive gardens. As we journeyed across the country by the Volga where many Germans have settled we were struck by the individuality of each house, revealing as it did the typically German character of the people who lived in it. This part of Russia contains many fruit trees and whole villages are often surrounded by unbroken hedges.

We next passed through the Bashkir Republic, where we scrutinized in the stations the faces of the peasants, who would crowd about us, and we were much impressed by the numerous racial strains. On the evening of the third day we began to pass through the Ural Mountains, where bare hedges like those along the Rhone gradually merged into a charming countryside that reminded us of the foothills of the Alps. In Zlatoust we saw through the dark night innumerable lights from the far-off settlements of workers in munition factories.

At Chrebet we crossed the pass that connects Europe and Asia and next morning found ourselves in Chelyabinsk, where we turned southward from the main line, which continues to Omsk. Already we could tell from the faces of the inhabitants that we had again come upon a new racial group, for they all had the slanting eyes of Mongolians. We were in the land of the Kirghiz. The train continued its

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way across a frost-covered steppe. We passed through very few villages but saw numerous horses of every color galloping over the frozen earth.

ON A temporary railway track we slowly approached the end of our journey. Fog had given way to clear weather and a remarkably interesting picture lay spread out before our eyes. In the midst of a wild steppe a number of low hills arose, among them one of greater size than the rest, Magnitnaya. In this magnetic mountain there are some one hundred and fifty million tons of ore. In order to mine the ore, the Soviet Union is planning the largest industrial combine in the world as a part of its great economic programme. Coal is to be transported here from Kuznetsk, north of the Altai Mountains over twelve hundred miles away, and on the return trip ore will be shipped to Kuznetsk. This industrial combine will also operate a chemical factory that will make the by-products into aniline dyes.

Some idea of the extent of the settlement that is being planned here can be gained from the new dam, which has turned the Ural River into a lake five and a half square miles in area. Already forty per cent of the construction work required in the initial building period has been completed. Usually Russians work at a slower tempo than West Europeans, but at Magnitogorsk the energetic leadership of a special government commissioner named Schmidt has created a feverish tempo of activity. The cement dam across the Ural, which is over half a mile long, was erected in seventy-five days, and the electric power station, which is the second largest in Russia, is being built this winter by three shifts of laborers. Where only a year ago horses were grazing and perhaps an occasional peasant's cart could be seen on some country road, there are now at work forty thousand men in temporary barracks, building up one of the largest industrial plants in the world to-day. Innumerable lamps in the barracks, together with the search-lights that play all night on the construction work, made an unforgettable impression upon us.

We were met at the station by Ford cars which took us to the American settlement, a clean little group of barracks three miles away from the railway station near the mountain of magnetic ore. During our four days' stay we were splendidly cared for, and we set to work at once, for there was no time to lose. In a ride back and forth across the steppes lasting for several hours we saw for ourselves all the ups and downs of a district that is going to become a city of 120,000 inhabitants. The view from the Ural Mountains was of unforgettable beauty, for the clear atmosphere enabled us to see sixty or seventy miles away.

All life in Magnitogorsk centres around the brick administration office. There we met the representatives of the American firm that is building the factory, clear-headed, energetic men, and there, too, we met German engineers who are helping to erect a silicate factory. Swarms of people came and went in endless processions. The men in charge rushed about in automobiles that always stood at their disposition, for the various parts of this enterprise are several miles distant from each other. Wherever

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we went, either with the Russian representatives or with their American helpers, we met with all possible coöperation, so that within four days we had gathered together all the material we needed for beginning our work. On our way back we turned a compartment of our train into an office and during the four-day journey we drew sketches with charcoal from the samovar, using veneer for drawing boards, while in another compartment a typewriter was hammering out our report.

Since that time work has been progressing even more rapidly in our Moscow office than at Magnitogorsk, for we only have until the end of the month to complete the job. Each one of us feels that we are not only experiencing history in the making but that we ourselves are helping to create it, each to the best of his ability.

II. Traveling in Russia

By Hans Siemsen

I HAVE BEEN in Russia six weeks, four of which I have spent in continuous travel. I have visited the Volga, the Caucasus, Tiflis, Batum, the Crimea, and the Ukraine. 'How did you like it?' almost everybody in Moscow and Berlin has asked me. I cannot answer that, for 'like' is a totally false word to use when one is speaking of Russia. One can say of a movie, 'I like that very much,' but Russia is too serious a business to be described in such terms. Trips in Russia are not pleasure trips and I should not advise anyone to travel in Russia for his health.

Should I advise anyone to travel in Russia at all? Certainly. But whom? Not everyone. Russia, even European Russia, is nearly as big as all the rest of Europe. One cannot compare it with any single European country. One must compare it with all Europe. Russia from the Arctic Circle to Persia, from Leningrad to Azerbaijan, has lovely landscapes and rare vistas, climatic variety and beauty of every kind, historic, artistic, and cultural landmarks in profusion. But we have all this in Europe, too, not quite the same, yet similar.

Russia has the Caucasus, we have the Alps and Pyrenees. Russia has its Russian Riviera on the Black Sea. As the name implies, it bears some similarity to the Italian and French Riviera, but only similarity. No two things in the world are exactly alike. Russia is Russia, not Europe and not Asia. It is singular, unique. But in the light of my experience I must confess that the landscape, climate, and historical and cultural monuments are not worth the time, trouble, and money it takes to visit Russia. For under present circumstances a journey through Russia costs more time, trouble, and money than we are used to spending for the average trip devoted to pleasure, health, or recreation.

Transcaucasia, which includes Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia, is the Orient, and we have none of that in Europe. On the other hand, North Africa is also the Orient, and a journey there is easier, more comfortable, and cheaper for us Europeans than a journey to the Russian Orient.

If one wants to go to Russia, then one should go only to see and learn Russia, modern Russia. The old, eternal Russia still lives, too, and certainly only existed once in the history of the world. But the new

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Russia, the Russia of the Revolution, is even more remarkable. I shall not say Communist Russia, for in order to decide what Communism is I should have to plunge into a long discussion, and I wish to avoid political problems as much as possible, though they cannot be altogether avoided, as you will presently see.

For I now come to the quintessence of this long introduction and to my answer to the question of 'Who should visit Russia?' and my answer is, 'Only he who is politically minded.' The word 'political' is here used in a wide sense, in the sense in which it was defined a hundred years ago by Seume when he said of political books that any book is political that has more or less bearing on the commonweal.

One does not need to be a Communist or a Socialist; one does not need to be interested in politics in the ordinary sense, that is to say, in party politics; one certainly does not need to be a champion of the Soviet régime, in order to gain valuable experience by a Russian journey. But one must understand what is happening in Russia. One must understand that in Russia an attempt is being made to build up a new kind of state, a new economic and social system, a new way of life. One may be friendly or opposed to the attempt but one cannot view it without interest or wish to view it so. One must understand that a journey to Russia is something utterly different from any other journey. One must be eager not merely to learn about Russia, but to see the new Russia. Otherwise, it is better to stay at home or to go somewhere else.

'Is it so easy to go to Russia? Do they let you in?' I don't know whether they let everybody in, but everyone I met had no difficulty in obtaining entrance. 'Does one travel comparatively comfortably?' If by travel you mean railway travel, it is not much more difficult in Russia than anywhere else in Europe and in some respects it is even more comfortable. 'But are not the railways frightfully overcrowded?' Yes, and no. The stations are jammed but not the trains. Only as many tickets are sold as there are seats in the trains. For that reason many people cannot get on board. Most of these, therefore, spend whole days in the stations, lounging and sleeping in the waiting rooms and on the stairways. The stations are often packed with people who want to travel but have no tickets, but whoever has a ticket automatically has a seat and this seat provides enough room for one to lie down. It is not a place to sit, but a place to stretch out.

There are two classes, soft and hard. The soft class is about like our second class, only the compartments are rather bigger and the seats broader. Each compartment contains two or at the most four places. Covers and cushions for the night cost two rubles. The hard class has broad wooden benches and during the night the backs are raised so that there are four places to lie down in each compartment, or, if the car is not separated into compartments, there are thirty-five places to lie down in each car. One can get a mattress at night for an extra ruble, and covers and pillows cost two rubles.

'HOW about the hotels? Are there many vermin?' No flea or bedbug

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bit me. But hotel comfort such as we are accustomed to in Europe does not exist anywhere in Russia except for a few hotels in the big cities and well-known resorts. But new hotels are being built and old hotels are being freshly equipped. Few hotels have hot running water and one cannot usually expect more than a clean bed, water to wash with, sufficient food and drink, and really excellent tea. Anyone who expects and demands more is going to be frequently disappointed.

'How about food? Does one need to go hungry?' Not at all. The choice is not so wide and free as with us. Often one thing or another is lacking. Butter is scarce and therefore very expensive. The coffee is impossible and there is not any white bread. But no one who is not too exacting and who eats what is put before him need go hungry in Russia, at least if he is a foreigner, for foreigners receive preferential treatment over Russians. 'So one can sit comfortably in a railway train and travel all over Russia?' Stop. No. It is not so simple as all that.

Russia, partly because it is Russia and partly because of the Revolution and Bolshevism, is different from any other country, and traveling to or through Russia is, as I have said, quite different from any other journey. For the foreigner there is no danger whatever, but it is not so comfortable and simple a business as traveling in other countries, especially if one travels alone. Whether Russian Communism is real Communism I shall not try to decide here, but in any event Russia is a great commune, a great family in which everything is organized, established, divided up, and partitioned according to plans, cards, and systems similar to the strong organization set up in Germany during the closing years of the War. This explains why necessities purchased off cards are cheap and necessities purchased in the free market are tremendously dear and often impossible to procure. The railways, however, are cheap and comfortable.

The Russian language, as a witty American once remarked, is not a language at all but a torture. Who knows Russian? How will the foreigner who does not know Russian find his way about in such a complicated language? There is an organization which, like all Russian organizations, is administered by the state and it looks out for foreigners. This is the Russian national travel bureau, the 'Intourist,' the Russian Thomas Cook. Intourist provides the foreign visitor during his stay in Russia with what might be called family connections with this huge, thoroughly systematized country.

I had to let myself be organized. I have never in my life made reservations through a travel bureau. But I scarcely see how a foreigner who does not know Russian thoroughly or does not have powerful friends in Russia can travel in Russia without the Intourist. The Intourist secures a passport within forty-eight hours. It procures tickets. An Intourist visitor always has a hotel reservation. He always has enough to eat and does not need to worry. On the other hand, there are certain drawbacks. Whoever sees Italy with Cook does not see Italy but Cook-Italy. Whoever sees Russia through the Intourist does not see Russia but Intourist-Russia.

Many travelers in Russia, even those who travel without the Intourist, complain that it is utterly

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impossible to know the real Russia. They say that one is prevented from having any dealings with peasants and workers, that the secret police are everywhere and spy on every foreigner. In the light of my experiences, this is very much exaggerated. Of course, there are many agents of the political police everywhere, but they are less occupied in watching over foreigners and controlling them than in observing the dealings of Russians with foreigners. The political opinions of the visitor to Russia hardly affect the way he is treated, and at worst he is merely deported, which might happen to him in any country.

For the Russians themselves, on the other hand, the political police are very dangerous. Yet it is possible to speak to a Russian without being watched by a member of the police and to get his real opinion and criticism. Of course, I may have always been accompanied by secret agents, but I never noticed it and, in any event, I talked to hundreds of peasants and workers without anyone's controlling my conversations. I visited prisons, schools, and hospitals without any previous announcement or preparation and without any official guides. I attended dozens of court sessions.

But to do all this the visitor who does not speak Russian needs an interpreter, and the interpreter is a difficult business. The average visitor to Russia is much more hampered by his lack of knowledge of the language than by the activities of the secret police or by the official travel bureau. One can get rid of the Intourist and the police, but one cannot do without one's interpreter. Now I should not go so far as to say that the official interpreter always falsifies the truth, but there is a possibility that he does so, perhaps not intentionally.

Lucky is the man who speaks Russian. Otherwise he must depend solely on his eyes and not on his ears at all. Yet there is much that is important and significant to be seen. One can even hear with one's eyes, and it is a comfort that a great many Russians speak German.

TRAVEL in Russia with the Intourist is not cheap, and the bureau makes no secret of the fact that the Russian Government expects it to give all foreigners a good picture of Russia, and at the same time to bring money into the country. One therefore pays in dollars or marks. There are three categories of travel. Category P costs twenty dollars a day, Category W ten dollars, and Category T five dollars. One is given food, shelter, the services of an interpreter, entrance to museums, factories, social centres, and theatres. A Category P group includes at least four visitors, whereas in Categories W and T the minimum is ten. For smaller groups the price rises ten to twenty-five per cent. Category P includes International sleeping cars, first-class steamer accommodations, single rooms in the best hotels, more than lavish food,—a lot of caviare, for instance,—and automobile trips. Category W includes railway accommodations with soft seats, first- or second-class steamship cabins, rooms for two or three people in the best hotels, plenty of food, and trips in automobiles or buses. Category T includes railway accommodations on hard seats with mattresses, second-class steamer cabins, sleeping rooms that hold from

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five to twenty people in hotels and tourist establishments. The food is simple but sufficient and one rides in buses or street-cars.

Passport visas in all three classes cost nothing. Incidental expenses, unless one buys a great many souvenirs, are slight. Even the railway tickets are not expensive. Categories P and W are quite comfortable for any healthy, not too fussy, person and are just as satisfactory as traveling in the remote parts of France, Italy, or Spain. On account of the sleeping accommodations, I should advise only healthy young men to travel in Category T.

One cannot go everywhere in Russia with the Intourist for the simple reason that there are not hotels everywhere, and one therefore cannot be certain of finding food and shelter. But almost all European Russia is now opened up to Intourist visitors. Some forty different routes have been arranged, including the following localities in various combinations: Moscow, Leningrad, the Ukraine, the Volga, the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus, Transcaucasia, the Black Sea, the Crimea, and the Ural District. The length of these trips varies between five and thirty-one days. The cheapest trip, seven days in Moscow, costs, according to the category chosen, $175, $100, or $55. The most expensive trip, which lasts a month and includes all the places mentioned above, costs $720, $360, or $210.

The traveler in Russia should provide himself with chocolate and biscuits, since Russian bread does not agree with many foreigners. One is allowed four hundred cigarettes or a hundred cigars duty free, and one will do well to take them, for Russian cigarettes are miserable, and Russian cigars do not exist. Even if one does not smoke one's self, it is a good way of making friends. It is also well to remember that many small articles such as flashlights, razor blades, and soap are rare and expensive in Russia. And do not forget any medicines you may be accustomed to taking.

Russian is not a language but a torture. Nevertheless every visitor to Russia should at least try to learn the Russian alphabet. It is not difficult and makes things much easier. The Russian postal service functions miserably and is quite undependable. Only telegrams arrive comparatively regularly—very comparatively. There are beautiful and strange landscapes in Russia, but the human beings are what is most interesting of all. The Volga, the Caucasus, Transcaucasia are all very fine, and the succulent melons one gets there are not to be despised, but if you plan to visit Russia do not forget its people. Speak to them, to peasants and workers, to Bolshevists and anti-Bolshevists, and to all intervening groups.

Politics and economics. New factories and new industrial plants. The Five-Year Plan and the Socialist construction programme. All this is very interesting and important. But do not forget the people. Go to the schools, the hospitals, the prisons, and the courts of law. Go with your interpreter or, if you have none, go alone. There is one speech that can be understood by sight. Go to the people of Russia and you will find there the old, eternal Russia, more truly than in the Kremlin or in the museums, and you will find the new Russia, too, more accurately and more vitally than in its politics or the Five-Year Plan.

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This detailed account of how the Spanish Republicans attempted to overthrow the monarchy indicates that the days of King Alfonso XIII may be numbered. But it is chiefly of interest as a fine piece of contemporary reporting.

Upheaval *in* SPAIN

By ROMAN FRISCH

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*
Vienna Conservative Daily

A NEW TRAGIC chapter has been added to the history of the struggle of the Spanish Republicans against the monarchy. While the flight of Major Franco from the military prison in Madrid was attracting wide attention as a dramatic yet grotesque exploit, bloody uprisings in Alicante, Cadiz, Seville, San Sebastian, Madrid, and Jaca were seriously threatening the Berenguer Government. A revolutionary committee promoted this work and in northern Spain the Republican flag remained flying for forty hours.

The choice of Jaca as the focal point for the uprising was determined as much by military as by political considerations. Lying barely twelve miles from the French frontier, it was a convenient point of assembly for Spanish Republicans who had been living abroad. Furthermore, not a few of the officers garrisoned there were known to be hostile to the present Government, and the loyalty of their followers to the monarchy was also known to be doubtful. Major Franco had once served in the 19th Galician Infantry Regiment, stationed here, a detachment of which was now led by Captain Fernando Galan, an outright Republican who had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment by Primo de Rivera and only recently pardoned. The commander of the garrison, General Urruela, had also led a suspicious life, having lately been in communication with many civilians who had been conducting questionable propaganda among the soldiers.

Although Jaca can hardly claim to be a winter-sports resort, quantities of students and other young people began pouring into this remote moun-

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tain settlement from early December onward. They were all equipped with skis and when the gendarmes asked them what their plans were they replied that they were waiting for the first snowfall. The officials accepted this explanation for better or worse, but they kept a sharp eye on the alleged tourists, who promptly became on such intimate terms with the local troops that many arrests were impending.

It was later discovered that the outbreak of revolution throughout Spain had been planned for the 15th of December. In order, however, not to lose the support of the two hundred students in Jaca, Captain Galan, the presumptive revolutionary leader in this particular stronghold, had to set the date ahead, with the result that the other cities did likewise, although they had not yet completed their preparations.

Captain Galan made his final arrangements by night. Couriers were dispatched throughout the surrounding country to requisition all automobiles and other available means of transportation and to summon those members of the civilian population who were aware of what was afoot. The final alarm was given at five o'clock on the morning of Friday, December 12. The officers spoke to their troops, telling them that the Republic was being proclaimed throughout Spain and ordering them to remove the King's insignia from their uniforms.

Galan then divided his men into two groups. One assembled in the market place, climbed into automobiles, and set out for Huesca fifty miles away to make common cause with the garrison there. The other group assembled in the railway station and set forth for Huesca by train, with the intention of proclaiming the Republic in all the places they would pass through.

All this activity in Jaca lasted scarcely an hour. At six o'clock military headquarters in the garrison still knew nothing about the revolution. But at this point General Urruela, who had slept through the whole affair, was rudely awakened from his dreams. On seeing two riflemen pointing their bayonets at him and ordering him to prison, he pulled the covers over his head but was rescued from this precarious situation by one of his subordinate officers, who helped him get dressed and conducted him to the casemate.

The Republic was proclaimed.

AND now Galan set about his task of mobilization. Patrols combed the city. The male population was assembled on the Pedro I Plaza and German Mauser guns that had been kept in a secret hiding place were distributed. Unfortunately a small detail had been forgotten—the civilians did not know how to use this kind of firearm.

Neither in Huesca nor in the general's office in Saragossa did anyone suspect what had been happening in the garrison near the border, for during the night Galan had had all wires leading to the interior of Spain cut. The telegraph operator in the post office, Señorita Anita Torrero, had resisted the rebels vigorously and had finally been hit over the head with the butt of a rifle and knocked unconscious. In the late afternoon, however, she recovered her senses and managed to drag herself to the tele-

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graph. The wires were indeed cut, but in their haste the rebels had overlooked one strand. Anita Torrero rallied her strength and soon was feverishly ticking out a message in Morse code.

The governor general of Saragossa had more than enough on his hands this unhappy Friday. Disturbances had broken out in the city and the whole garrison was in the streets trying to bring the rebels to reason. At about five o'clock his adjutant delivered the following dispatch: 'Rebellious garrison from Jaca marching toward Huesca in two groups stop am wounded await instructions stop Torrero telegraph operator.'

Immediately a long dispatch was sent from the general to the military commander at Huesca. The garrison troops were promptly assembled and at nine o'clock in the evening two infantry regiments had set forth, together with thirty-four machine guns, two batteries, and a detachment of scouts, to stop Galan's troops at any price. These troops, meanwhile, had progressed very slowly on account of the crowded streets and they were not making any great attempt to hurry since they believed that the Huesca garrison would be on their side anyway. Indeed, they had encamped for the night at Ayerba Pass.

General Las Haras, the military commander at Huesca, then had one of his detachments tear up the railway tracks. He himself set out for Ayerba, established his men in a strong position near there, and then began reconnoitring in his own automobile. At eight o'clock in the morning he sighted the vanguard of the revolutionists, who burst into cheers when they caught sight of him, for Galan's followers believed that the Huesca garrison was coming to meet them and join forces. Four officers approached the general's automobile, shouting 'Long live the Republic,' but the next moment bullets were whistling by their ears. The police captain accompanying the general had fired. Now for the first time the rebels recognized their mistake. As the general's automobile quickly wheeled around the rebels fired a well aimed salvo. The police captain was killed and the general himself received a grazing wound, but the chauffeur was untouched and brought the automobile to safety.

Meanwhile, the main body of the rebel soldiers, marching in closely grouped columns, had reached the summit of Ayerba Pass, where artillery fire was suddenly opened upon them. The government infantry attacked at the same moment, and the Jaca soldiers were put to rout.

Galan and a few brave officers defended themselves to the end, but were taken prisoners. The whole engagement lasted barely an hour and the rebels lost fourteen dead and about one hundred wounded, whereas the government troops did not lose a single man.

General Las Haras had the prisoners brought to Huesca, where important instructions from Madrid awaited them. A terrible example was to be made of the rebels. The violet and orange flag of the Republic, which was still flying in Jaca, was pulled down Saturday evening and early Sunday morning the court martial convened in Huesca. After a consultation of three minutes the members pronounced the following sentence: 'Captains Galan and Hernandez are to be shot. Reserve

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Captain Salinas-Garcia, Lieutenants Muniz-Isquierda and Gomez, and Ensign Blay are sentenced to life imprisonment.'

Three hours later the sentence was carried out. At the powder magazine in Huesca, a company of the Vallodolid Regiment and a battery of the Fifth Artillery Regiment formed an execution square. Promptly at two o'clock the two officers were marched to the square, accompanied by a roll of drums. The execution squad, which consisted of nine men and one officer, took its place. The man in command was the youngest lieutenant in the regiment and, as he raised his sword, tears rolled down his cheeks.

'*Mirate bien, hermanos* (Aim well, brothers),' Galan shouted, and then the shots were fired.

The bodies lay where they fell until sunset, in accordance with orders, and then were buried in haste in the civilian cemetery. No names were put on the simple wooden crosses—only two numbers, 276 and 277.

AFTER the Jaca revolt had been checked with bloodshed, the Revolutionary Committee, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Mangala and General Legas, wanted to tempt destiny once more, but bad news poured in from all the provincial capitals,—Barcelona, Santander, Cadiz, Saragossa, and Madrid. The conspirators had attempted to revolt but were unable to secure popular support anywhere. Even in Madrid, where Franco courageously dropped proclamations from his airplane, the population remained indoors, although the republicans unquestionably have many supporters in the capital. When General Berenguer received news that the aviation regiments had revolted, he at once proclaimed martial law. Machine guns were set up on street corners and thus the civilian population was intimidated.

Then the Revolutionary Committee played its last trump, the Communists. A cipher message was sent out from a secret radio station to San Sebastian, where the Communists' Executive Committee was established. There are not many Spanish Communists, but the few that exist are enthusiastic fellows. In San Sebastian about one hundred of them opened an attack at six o'clock Monday morning. They penetrated the palace of the governor, killed two policemen, and laid waste the whole building in their rage at having the governor escape their hands. Another group seized the central post office and the railway station. By noon the Government seemed to be in a critical position. The whole city was in the hands of the Communists and the most disturbing thing of all was that the troops refused to fire on them. Placards were already appearing on the streets proclaiming, 'All power to the people.' Emissaries hastened to the neighboring city of Irun and sought to persuade the garrison there to revolt. But the military commander at San Sebastian had not remained idle. A detachment of gendarmes arrived in trucks and this group did not hesitate for a moment to open fire on the rebels. Within two hours the whole uprising had ended.

There is no doubt that the Republicans will renew their struggle sooner or later. If their actions are better prepared, they have a good chance of winning. The Berenguer Government faces difficult times.

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Persons and Personages

R. C. Sherriff Interviewed

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

I AM AFRAID that my life—that what has mattered in it—will be a bit of a disappointment to you. It's been so ordinary. The ordinary experience of all the ordinary young men of my time. The tremendous background of *Journey's End* was handed to me. . . . I just had the luck to express what nearly all my contemporaries had experienced, and most of them felt. That was the cause of its success, and it does n't entitle me to a good-conduct stripe.

I had no intention of becoming a writer when I was a boy. At school (I was at Kingston Grammar School, you know) I was interested in sports. I took a nonscholastic interest in national history and literature, but mainly as another kind of sport. I had no afterthoughts. I just enjoyed myself. Sport mattered. And friends. As for my future, that was all arranged. My father was in an insurance office. And when I left school I was to go there. I was quite content. It was my father's job. And there would be plenty of time for sports. And for friendship.

Actually I went to the insurance office in November, 1913. But the War came so soon that I seemed to walk straight from school into the trenches. It should have been a terrific upheaval. All my settled, ordered life gone in a flash! But it did n't seem like that. Everybody was going—all my friends. It was the ordinary thing. It certainly was *ordered*. And it seemed settled. In going out to work I had gone out to the War. I was just eighteen. Nor did my war experience shake me up very much, awaken the need for expression. I wrote home about it. Everybody did. You had to do something. When it was particularly beastly you felt more miserable. That was all.

There was one thing. It was great to meet all sorts and classes of men. I have always had a hunger for meeting and knowing people. A middle-class English person usually meets only one class of man intimately. He imagines that those above him are wonderful, and those below him are common. I discovered to my surprise and joy that this was all wrong. Yes, you did meet men, men as they really are, out at the front. It was like going to the university. I got my education in human nature. That mattered tremendously. But I only realize it now.

I did not come home burning to write *Journey's End*. I went back to the insurance office. And the old, normal round revolved again. I began to

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write by accident. Or, not entirely. I *had* come to the conclusion that I did n't like being a cog in a big machine. Entering up figures. It seemed such a waste of time. I wanted to do my own job. I felt that this mattered quite a lot. And so I passed in review all the professions that I might follow, and pushed those I'd no hankering after aside. Medicine? No! The law? No! And so on. History and literature? Yes! And for a time I thought of becoming a schoolmaster.

Literature pointed to writing. But my sports put a pen in my hand. I was captain of a rowing club. In the winter we got up smokers. And I got the idea that it would be good fun to write and produce plays. I did so. Afterward I put them in the hands of agents. But they all came back. I did n't mind. They had served their purpose. And then came *Journey's End*. It was apparently another of these plays. I got the notion that it would be interesting to imagine the post-war generation in the atmosphere of the trenches. So I did it.

With one exception the fellows I drew were those I met every day in the office and on the river and in the street. The other fellows I did not clearly remember—except Osborn. I did have, though, a book of reference and a whole lot of letters I'd written home, and a lot of photographs, sketches, maps, dockets, and chits. I thought it would be good fun to work that up into a diary of my war experiences. I'd got all the fellows down there. But I did n't *see* them any more. I saw the post-war fellows and drew them.

WHAT? Yes, the success of *Journey's End* has mattered. Thank you for not saying *my* success. I'm not a successful man. I'd hate to be. It does so suggest fat cigars and white waistcoats. Success does n't matter. Or else it matters too much. It would be silly to complain. I've gained reputation, which has pleased me. But it does n't seem to apply to R. C. Sherriff. I have gained some money. Well, that has given me what I always wanted: a little bit of English earth I can call my own. That matters. And it has given me leisure. Money won't give me more. Money does n't much matter. It's the absolute lack of money that matters.

Have I lost anything? I don't think so. But I've been in danger of losing what I value more than most things—my old friends. Friends matter—yes, supremely. Of course, I've gained new ones. I've met some of my old literary idols—men like Wells. But these new friends are n't the same as the old ones. And I know that the old ones felt that this burst of notoriety might make a difference. I feared they might keep away from me. That would have been dreadful.

But this reputation is a frightful handicap. How can I hope to do any better. Don't I know that whatever I do will be compared with *Journey's*

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End? They did that with *Badger's Green*. Publish my next work under another name? Yes, that's a great idea. I'll put it out under a pseudonym. Yes, that gives me a chance.

But I think one or two points are clearer to me than they were when we began chatting. In a writer the two things that matter above everything else are that he should be keenly, hungrily interested in his fellows, and that he should have the common experiences of his time. The mere knack of writing I take for granted. Keen interest gives you the eyes to see and the sympathy to understand. But you must have the experiences—the ordinary experiences. What tremendous experiences I have, for example, traveling in a tube train! Wondering what people there are behind those faces. Following my fellow passengers to their work, their play, and their homes! But if I had not had the experiences of the War, if I had not met all sorts of men when they were stripped of all disguise, I should not have had the key. On the other hand, if I had not been a quite ordinary man, I should have got *Journey's End* all wrong.

Paul Poiret

By Jean Galtier-Boissière

Translated from the *Crapouillot*, Paris Literary and Artistic Monthly

'I AM a Parisian from the heart of Paris. I was born on the rue des Deux-Écus in the first arrondissement, where my father ran a drapery shop under the sign of "L'Espérance." It was a little narrow street that connected the rue du Louvre and the rue Berger. My father's shop occupied the whole front of the ground floor. Opposite there were little shopkeepers whose children swarmed in the street. These shopkeepers included a well-groomed fruit seller, an Alsatian cobbler, a wine merchant, and a butcher who has since become a millionaire. A little farther down the street was a factory where *marrons glacés* and jam were made, and their odors often filled the air, quite overwhelming me with pleasure.'

In these words, with a rather ostentatious air of modesty, Paul Poiret begins his memoirs. He is undoubtedly the most famous *couturier* in the world and likewise one of the most striking personalities of the early twentieth century. The recollections of his childhood passed among merchants in easy circumstances possess a pleasing simplicity, and he writes with literary perfection though without any literary airs. Here, for instance, is the way he describes the burial of his Uncle Paul's wife:—

'At church during the funeral of his wife, Uncle Paul was nervous and seemed to be looking for someone. He kept peering about anxiously, waving his hand to all his relations, when suddenly he turned to his

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neighbor and said to him, "Where do you suppose my darling wife is?" His neighbor was his Uncle Denis, a gilder by profession, who ought to have been used to taking precautions, but this time he did not gild the pill, but with a gesture pointed to the coffin, saying, "There." Uncle Paul realized what had happened and burst into tears like a child.'

At eighteen the future dictator of fashion had just received his bachelor's degree and the father, fearful lest the young man follow his own career, induced him to take up with one of his friends, an umbrella manufacturer, and learn that business. This put young Poiret to a rather severe test. In order to break his pride the most humble duties were given him—patching umbrellas, for instance. 'I am sure you do not know what this is. I'll tell you. When an umbrella is finished, unless it is of the best quality there are little holes in its silk, due to imperfect weaving. I spent my days opening umbrellas and filling these orifices with the aid of a needle dipped in black paste.' But as Paul grew older his vocation became more clear and he was soon presenting sketches to the big tailoring establishments. One day in 1906, M. Doucet suggested that instead of laying his eggs in every basket he should concentrate on one. Young Paul thus entered Doucet's establishment, presented by his father, in accordance with tradition, and fortune began to smile on him as a creator of styles.

'One morning,' he relates, 'I saw arriving in her carriage drawn by mules the woman who incarnated in my eyes the genius, grace, and spirit of Paris—Réjane. She rushed through our door in a great cascade of silk and began questioning M. Doucet, who approached her looking handsome as a god. She whispered in his ear about a new play of hers. M. Doucet summoned me and at once confided that *Zaza* was about to be produced.' The costumes for *Zaza* were the first success achieved by this little fashion designer, who grew in importance day by day, attracting more and more people to the celebrated house in which he worked—Marthe Brandès, Mary Garden, Reichemberg, and any number of famous ladies, both French and foreign. 'I liked to stay in Doucet's salons on Saturday evenings at the time when deliveries for the next day were being prepared. I thus had before my eyes and in my hands all the dresses that were going to amuse Paris twenty-four hours later. I examined them like a connoisseur, felt of them, and took great pleasure in doing so. The next day I myself went to the races and studied the aspects and attitudes of all these elegant people. I dreamed of new models, more unexpected, more surprising.'

Fashions had not yet evolved along Yankee lines. 'Those who placed orders were not, as they are to-day, an organized association of pirates and copyists who get together to buy one dress for ten people, who exchange models, imposing their taste on Parisian establishments and dic-

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tating American fashions which are always sterile and sheeplike.' After having served his term in the army young Poiret was picked out by the sons of the famous Worth who had had the honor of outfitting the Empress. A member of this firm said to him, 'We are like a great restaurant where nobody orders anything but truffles. We therefore need to create a border of fried potatoes.' Young Poiret set to work, but both his employer and customers protested against his innovations. 'You call that a dress!' exclaimed M. Worth. 'It is a centipede.' And a Russian princess, seeing his new assortments, cried out furiously, 'What horrors! In our country, when peasants make themselves too objectionable their heads are cut off and they are tied up in sacks like that one.' 'I already felt my head in a sack,' adds Poiret.

ONE fine morning he abandoned the Worth establishment and set himself up on his own account, first on the rue Auber and then in the building on the avenue d'Antin that he was to make famous. Day after day Poiret broke all the most venerable traditions that had prevailed along the rue de la Paix. He changed women's lines, did away with the corset, freed the bust, made the feminine figure follow its natural form, and restored the fashion for bright colors. It was a revolution and it triumphed brilliantly. 'When I began to do what I wanted to in dressmaking no colors at all were being used. The eighteenth-century taste for refinement had led women up a blind alley and under the pretext of distinction people had suppressed every evidence of vitality. I released a few substantial wolves among this flock of sheep—reds, greens, violets, and blues.'

Poiret then explains how a big dressmaking establishment is organized. He describes the tours he used to make through Europe with his battalion of mannequins and his conferences in the land of the dollar, which he judges as severely as Duhamel does. He has a word to say about gastronomy, that truly French art, and he deplores with unquestionable authority the sad plight of the French cuisine and of French wines, which have been prostituted by Philistine millionaires. 'I have seen the dear old *sommelier* at the "Tour d'argent," that preserver of gastronomic traditions, weep because foreigners emptied his cellars without appreciating them. "These profane people," he told me, "bought my rarest bottles, my Lur-Saluces 1863, my Château-Laffite 1875, and my 1900 Rhine wines, and then asked me for a glass of beer when the meal was over because they were still thirsty."'

This book where a man of the first order condenses his memories and experiences of life and people within two hundred and fifty pages is much more alive and varied than any novel, because Poiret knew all the

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people of his time and now judges them with remarkable impartiality. He also has touched successfully on every branch of intellectual activity. From a designer of women's dresses and theatrical costumes he has become a decorator and a creator of ensembles. He has invented perfumes as well as dishes; he has operated a theatre, The Oasis, where he presented the famous *Secret des Mortigny*, and he has evoked with delicious good taste epochs long since past. He himself has walked the boards with Colette. He has gone in for publishing with his 'Pan' album. He has founded a new kind of library made up of sketches executed for him alone, and he has inspired hundreds of artists whom he himself has launched.

'I wanted to extract from the leaves of certain plants perfumes that people up to then had only sought in flowers and roots. I amused myself working with the geranium leaf, out of which I made Borgia perfume, and then I used the mastic tree and certain balsams from Provence. I asked glassmakers to make bottles after models I designed to contain these essences. I then had this glassware decorated by pupils in my school of decorative art, who illuminated them with flowers and charming arabesques. I have had carpets woven and have made the designs for printed cloth, designs such as no one had ever dreamed of before. I went to Milan to choose brocades designed from the treasures in its cathedrals. I have guided the hands of artists who were decorating the walls of palaces with carving.'

THEN one fine day all his dreams, which were worthy of an Indian rajah, vanished. He was deprived of the house he had created, abandoned by all the parasites who used to burn incense to him. Yet in spite of the fact that he was ruined he found satisfaction in becoming an artist, painter, and dreamer. To-day, far from insolent, grotesque customers, Poiret is spending peaceful afternoons with his palette in his hand, searching for subtle combinations of color. The astonishing memoirs of this fallen autocrat, this king of Paris who has been able to meet defeat with the smile of a wise man, close with this melancholy passage which recalls Epictetus and Seneca, this hymn to a dead past, to an outmoded philosophy:—

'I have served as the hearth for many things, or, I might better say, I have served as the fire that lit many hearths, but these hearths are now dead or are covered with ashes and are far from me. I have never seen anyone who betrayed me succeed. It seems to me that I have lived through a beautiful adventure and I still rejoice in recalling all its phases. I am used to not being rich any more, but the man who cannot get used to it is my tax collector. There are still people who ask me for

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money as if it were quite normal for me to have some. I am surprised that one can be so happy without it. I inhabit a lovely spot on the Île-de-France and the rain sometimes penetrates my room. My window opens wide on a superb view and lets in air, light, the warmth of the sun, and the coolness of night. But I am alone, yes, quite alone. I still have some friends and some grandchildren whom I adore, and I believe that they love me, although I scold them often because I wish them to know everything I do.' Amen.

In Praise of Schalom Asch

By Franz Werfel

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

[*At a banquet given for Schalom Asch by the Pen Club in Vienna Franz Werfel delivered the following speech of welcome, which was received with storms of applause.*]

I SHOULD like to prove to you, through the example of Schalom Asch, that the elements of true poetry and the essence of the true poet are timeless and eternal. Antiquity gave its great epic writers the title '*vates*,' that is, 'seer.' This word has two meanings, that of 'prophet,' 'seer of the future,' and that of 'seer of the present,' 'perceiver of reality.' The second meaning, 'seer of the present,' 'perceiver of reality,' is the gift and obligation of the poet.

To grasp the meaning and value of poetry, we must not deceive ourselves on one point: most men do not see reality, and least of all do those prosaic, practical men see it who are rulers and administrators. If we were to give a prize to the man who is farthest from reality, it could probably be awarded most justly to some captain of industry or some politician. The word 'reality' usually connotes an abstraction of immeasurable gruesomeness. The war was an intensification of the same world condition in which we were born and in which we still live. Its name is 'realization.' We are not blind to the causes from which this 'realization,' or 'deadening' springs, but what good is our knowledge when it can only explain our woes with such formulas as 'the proletarianization of mankind through technique and capital?' The modern world remains a nightmare. To the left the spectre of want; to the right the hysteria of the alarmed interests; with the babbling clown, politics, in the middle, and the reality of divine creation nowhere.

But the rôle of the poet as a 'seer of reality' is becoming a tragic one in this world which has traveled so infinitely far from its sources, and

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which, bewildered by its mechanical witches' sabbath, is answering its deepest needs with empty catchwords. I believe that there are more inspired voices in our time than we realize and one of the strongest and purest that I have heard is that of Schalom Asch. In him resides a great seer of reality and a true '*advocatus Dei.*'

Schalom Asch was born in the East, in a segregated Jewish settlement, as a son of a people that is persecuted and that persecutes itself in a curious manner. Called to the study of rabbinical theology, he knew no other source of learning than the Bible and Hebrew religious writings until he was eighteen years old. To orthodox Jews European culture and literature seem profane and even sinful. That he freed himself from these limitations in the face of fanatical opposition is a sign of great strength. That he acquired a Western education in an unbelievably short time is a sign of a powerful mind. But that he published his first book at the age of twenty-one and with this book aroused the folk spirit of Eastern Jews is a sign of the grace of God that dwells within him, of his power to 'see reality.'

Forever he returns to the holiest aspect of the straitened life—to motherhood. Feminine nature is the true reality, and is nearer creation than the masculine. And motherhood is the highest reality of feminine nature. If you wish to recognize in the work of Schalom Asch a pervasive motif in all its rich modifications, you will find it in the relation between mother and son. The figure of man, of the father, wanders timid and reserved beside this eternal bond. This is the human theme of Schalom Asch's greatest work, *Die Trilogie von der Sintflut—The Trilogy of the Deluge.*

DECADES have passed. Asch is no longer the poet of the little Jewish city in the East, no longer the poet of the East Side of New York. His world has expanded. He breathes deep. Modestly he has ventured upon the greatest epic subject that the age offers—Russia. Petersburg, Warsaw, Moscow, Tsarism, the unsuccessful revolution of 1905, the War, the collapse of the old régime, Red October, Bolshevism.

I have neither the ability nor the opportunity to give you an idea of the wealth of characters and incidents in *Sintflut.* Far greater than any artistic or epical consideration is the question of the ultimate significance of this great work. Above all, it is not restricted to a portrayal of the Jew. *Petersburg*, the first novel in the trilogy, describes the Russian and Jewish upper middle class; *Warsaw*, the second, deals with the revolutionary lower middle class of Poles and Jews; while *Moscow*, the third and greatest, draws with a sure, unfaltering hand figures of all classes, nationalities, and races from the seething cauldron of Russia. The titled land-

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owner, the officer commanding the Kalmuck soldiers, the wholesale dealer in naphtha, the lawyer for the brutalized peasants, the perplexed woman of the world thrown among the Jewish girls whom the revolution has aroused. And amid all these fantastic, emancipated creatures the Mongolian figure of Lenin suddenly appears in a scene of strangely weary, dreamlike quality. A quite disconnected scene, in which the dictator, weary unto death, is awakened by a faithful sailor and then tries to ward off slumber. In that motionless moment the world seems to hold its breath, as the bald-headed leader with unerring consistency thinks out his materialistic philosophy to its conclusion:—

'We are groping in the dark with empty hearts; we are dead machines, equipped with physical powers which function so long as they are supplied with fuel, in other words, food. Infinite are the forms of skill and ingenuity through which mankind provides itself with food. One of these forms man has cunningly disguised as "moral strength." . . . At heart we are no different from the old-time preachers. They fed man so long with tales of pains and penalties in the world to come that they and that idea fell together. We are trying to do the same thing with the moral strength of Communism, which we are offering the world as sustenance. . . .'

To this tired train of thought the author adds only this apology: 'It was an access of doubt, an attack of weakness, which the man with the bald head soon overcame.' But these apologetic words throw the fearful state of atheism into magnified relief. To find anything which equals them one must turn to the Napoleon scene in *War and Peace*.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have tried, in so far as it has been possible in a few words, to show that our poet is a 'seer of reality.' But the ancient concept, '*vates*,' contains another meaning—'seer of the future,' 'seer of the desired,' 'prophet.' Every true poetic work contains both forces and I can name two masterpieces which contain them to perfection—Homer and the Psalms. All great creative works are lit by both these suns. Pathos without reality is weak; reality without pathos is cold. We must firmly oppose the fashion of the hour and not fear the word, 'pathos,' for pathos is the expression of emotion through the miracle of life. He who has never experienced a moment of pathos is a pauper. Yes, I could measure the significance of a man by the number of his emotional moments.

Schalom Asch is a realist and an epic writer. The great pathos, the prophetic emotion which is his gift, cannot be expressed in words. It dissolves like salt in the wide waters of his tales. It seems to me that this prophetic spirit reaches its greatest heights in Asch's latest work. Strangely enough, the farther he moves from Judaism, the more his soul grows in Biblical power. The three volumes of *Sintflut* are a single cry

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of sorrow at the present condition of divine creation, which is being ravished by despoilers of all kinds. And this touching cry rings out in the closing words of the book, as the wandering hero returns to his beloved after many years: 'As he saw Helen at her daily work it passed through his mind, "While I have been leaping over the roofs of Moscow, she has been living out her life a drop at a time, day after day."'

To-day Schalom Asch is pausing a moment, not on the mountain tops, but on a summer hillside. We rejoice that he is passing this moment here in our midst in Vienna, and giving us the opportunity to greet the man in the poet and the poet in the man.

Alfonso XIII

By Tomás Baldasano

From the *Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

DON ALFONSO XIII was born a king. The eyes of Europe were on him then as they are now. His whole life has been bound up with preparations for, or the fulfillment of, kingly duties. Even at the very tender age of twelve months he actually opened the Spanish Parliament!

His upbringing was as carefully planned as any child's could be. His mother, Queen Maria Christina, kept most careful watch and ward. In the earliest days of his schooling he showed signs of a tendency toward that activity which has since characterized him as the most energetic of modern sovereigns.

His professors found him extremely quick at learning and he had a special aptitude for history and languages. Incidentally, his English tutor was none other than the Marqués de Merry del Val, who subsequently became the present distinguished Spanish ambassador in London.

Don Alfonso was crowned, by the Grace of God and the Constitution, Catholic King of Spain, at the age of sixteen. He thus assumed the responsibility for a great country at an age when most English schoolboys are still somewhat reluctant to think of what lies before them in the nature of a career, and when the most desirable thing in the world is the possession of 1st XV colors!

Salvador de Madariaga, King Alfonso XIII Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford, writes of the young king as he was at this time:—

'He was then a most attractive prince, in whose open and immature features eagerness, good will, and wonder were revealed with strong spontaneity. A quick intellect, but of the active rather than the speculative kind, impulsiveness, love of action, a certain imperiousness cover-

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ing, perhaps, the fear of opposite wills, and an earnest desire to perform his royal duties to the best of his ability and to be of service to his country though unmistakably at the head of it—such were the main elements in his personality. But as time was to show, the main thing was the personality itself. The new King was somebody. He soon felt the ambition to play his part in the life of the nation, and who would blame him for thinking that it was to be a leading part?'

The new King did, in fact, begin to play a leading part in shaping the destinies of his race—a race with a past as golden as any nation on earth. He began, by personal visits abroad, to cultivate an international political sense. His first visit to England, in June 1905, proved of the utmost significance to Anglo-Spanish relations.

For it was during this visit that the young King first met Princess Ena of Battenberg, the beautiful daughter of Princess Beatrice. That meeting gave Spain her popular English queen. The jubilation of the nation knew no bounds when the news of the betrothal was announced, but the whole world was shocked by the attempt of anarchists to assassinate the royal couple on their way from the church to the Royal Palace after the marriage had been solemnized with great pomp and pageantry.

That dastardly attempt revealed to Spain the courage of her ruler. He moved not a muscle! Several attempts upon his life have been made since by Communists and others, but always the same courage has revealed itself, and the King has gone unscathed—and still smiling.

INCIDENTS which throw sidelights on the King's character are many. On his tenth birthday the boy King was asked what he desired as a gift. He replied, 'Please let a poor man out of prison!' Although it is not recorded in what measure this wish was granted, there can be little doubt that his youthful spirit gained the day.

Symptomatic of his democratic ideas is the instance of his journey on a London tramcar to the 'Old Vic.' He described the experience thus: 'When we got on to the tram at Westminster Bridge I asked the conductor to tell me where I alighted for the "Old Vic." I suppose the passengers recognized my voice as that of a foreigner, for at least six persons offered to tell me. The man who was sitting next to me—a fine old laborer in his working clothes—at once fell into conversation with me, and actually told me some of the work that the theatre had been doing.

'When the tram stopped at the corner my next-door neighbor insisted on getting out with me and walking along the narrow road with its double line of stalls until he took me to the very door of the theatre. "It's all right," he said, as I thanked him for his help, "I allus feel as if it [the 'Old Vic'] belonged to me a bit."'

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And his Majesty has a sense of humor. On one occasion he went himself to interview a wealthy American who had in his possession a picture which had once hung in the Royal Palace at Madrid. The American had declined to part with it. King Alfonso discovered that the American was a retired pig king, and in his interview did not offer him a sum of money, but did offer a highly colored picture which was rather more than twice the size of the one which the King wished to secure. There was no argument—the King returned with the picture he wanted!

The reign of King Alfonso XIII has seen Spain make greater progress than for centuries. The King came to the throne of a country lingering in the traditions of a great past, and he has striven incessantly to create the conditions for as great a future. Under his reign Spain has become an industrial nation of ever-increasing importance, and even his bitterest critics admit that much of this progress is due to the monarch's unflagging efforts.

For King Alfonso is ever alert to assimilate ideas which can be applied to the benefit of Spain and her industries. In his frequent visits to factories in the industrial centres of his own or other countries he is no mere formal sight-seer. His eye notices detail upon detail, he questions every workman with whom he comes into contact, and is ever ready to pass new ideas on to the quarters in which they should be applied.

Of political events I will say nothing at this juncture. But of Spain's industrial and economic march forward in recent years there can be no doubt—as English visitors to the country know. Her magnificent arterial roads—some of the finest in Europe—her great hydro-electric works, such as the Duero waterfalls scheme, her telephone system, her harbor developments, and her new railway enterprises mark her as among the most progressive nations in the New or the Old World.

Maurice Bedel, Geographer of Love

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

MAURICE BEDEL was born in Paris in 1885. He comes from a family of high government officials and intellectuals. Growing up in this atmosphere, he began to have verses published in magazines given over to the works of the younger generation, but Anatole France, a friend of his father's, warned him against becoming a dilettante.

'My dear young man,' he said to him, 'you certainly have talent, talent to see things and to express yourself. You also have it in you to become a writer. But this is no profession to adopt until one's imagination has become developed on firm foundations. A novelist must be a psychologist; therefore learn, first of all, to know human beings. I advise

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you to study medicine. Observe the patients on their sickbeds. In hospitals you see even healthy people at moments when all masks are dropped. Become a doctor.'

Bedel took this advice and studied neurology. His doctor's dissertation discussed periodic obsessions. He treated various nervous afflictions in the hospital of Salpêtrière, but he also attended Bergson's philosophy lectures at the Sorbonne.

The War took him to the front. He was severely wounded on several occasions and finally was assigned to a battalion of artillery stationed in Morocco, where he spent a year at a remote post among the Berber tribes. He studied the customs, poetry, and music of the natives. At last the Armistice arrived. Bedel decided to travel in Europe before embarking on his writing career, for which he had continued to prepare himself during the War. The first land he visited was Scandinavia, for he is an enthusiastic skier. He spent a winter in Norway and took advantage of this opportunity to familiarize himself with its life. The difference between the customs of this northern country and the customs peculiar to France awakened in Bedel the desire to depict problems of national psychology, to display the versatility and local peculiarities of that bright kaleidoscope known as Europe. Above all, the eternal province of love fascinated him, and his first novel, which at once became immensely successful, was known as *The Latitude of Love*.

This novel appeared in 1926 in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Two weeks later it won the Goncourt Prize, an unprecedented success. Within a few months it had sold 275,000 copies. *The Latitude of Love* was translated into seventeen languages and raised a storm in Norway. The Oslo newspapers published replies and protests but the French literary reviews took the author under their protection. The right of the man of letters to represent the customs and habits of foreign nations quite freely was passionately proclaimed and Maurice Bedel emerged the victor.

In 1928 *Molinoff Indre-et-Loire* appeared, and this time Bedel directed his satire just as relentlessly against his own people. He made fun of the French provinces and especially of their Royalist inhabitants. Just as his first book showed the psychological conflict between a Frenchman and a Norwegian girl in love with each other, so *Molinoff* depicted the racial differences between a French girl and a Russian who also were in love. In 1929, Maurice Bedel visited Rome, where he had a long talk with Mussolini. The fruit of this journey was a little political pamphlet, *Fascism, Year Seven*, but soon after he published a novel, *Philippine*, describing the love affair of a young French girl and an Italian, but including also descriptions of Fascist customs. It is the sharpest piece of satire Maurice Bedel has ever written.

'How glad I am,' remarked this novelist, 'to find myself at last in

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Vienna. The lecture tour I am now making is taking me to Budapest, Bucharest, and Belgrade, and even to Turkey, where I shall study the new style of Turkish woman. Perhaps she will provide me with material for my next novel. You know how much I am interested in international conflicts of the heart. *The Latitude of Love* presented the conflict between a Frenchman and a Norwegian woman, *Molinoff* between a Russian and a French girl, *Philippine* between an Italian and a French girl. Who knows but what I shall bring a Viennese girl and a Frenchman together? But in order to do this I must spend a long time in Vienna. I believe that France and Austria are the two remaining sanctuaries where love is still possible, in spite of all the struggles the younger generation is putting up against it. I might represent the young Frenchman and the girl from Vienna as being influenced by the realism of modern life but unable to shake themselves loose from an atavistic yearning for the old romantic ways.

'What interests me most of all is the profound differences between one race and another. The way that love is experienced, felt, and expressed depends entirely on the latitude in which one lives, and I am eager to depict all these grades of difference. Far be it from me, however, to attempt to draw any distinctions in rank. Why do I feel such a special interest in feminine psychology? Women are much more differentiated than men. In the course of my physiological and psychological studies the conviction came to me that it is the woman who gives the man instruction in love. Was it not Eve who held out the apple to Adam? And so it has remained to the present day. Since my life is given over to free creative activity I am always seeking out the women and girls of each nation, because through them I am able to study and become acquainted with the peculiarities of their whole land.

'AND now I shall answer your question as to whether I am afraid that a United States of Europe would tend to eliminate the differences between various nations that I am devoting my life to depicting. The Frenchman by nature is a pacifist and the Pan-European ideal expresses this intellectual attitude of his. We, that is, the French writers, desire peace within and without, just as eagerly as Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, and Fritz von Unruh. I do not believe that a European federation would in any way impair what is known as the *pittoresque des races*. Our whole French nation has been federalized for centuries, yet conflicts of the heart still exist. The differences between the inhabitants of Provence and Brittany, between people in Burgundy and in the Pyrenees, are as great as the differences between a Frenchman and a Norwegian, an Englishman and an Italian. Moreover, the

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disappearance of any future possibility of war would compensate a hundred times over for the disappearance of my chosen problem, the *pittoresque des races*.

'I am extraordinarily pleased that you have dramatized my novel, *The Latitude of Love*, especially since the Norwegians, both old and young, have undergone a complete change of heart toward me. They have learned through their intelligence and experience that any true satire is also a justification. Then, too, my second novel indicated that I did not hesitate to make fun of my own country and to ridicule certain characteristic traits. The numerous advocates of women's rights in Scandinavia are delighted that a Frenchman has stimulated discussion of the great question of the day in Scandinavia, the question of experimental engagements. Feminine propagandists of legalized birth control, led by Thit Jensen, a Danish lady, are growing more and more active.

'It flatters the Norwegian girls to be looked upon by young Americans and Germans as pioneers in the movement for sexual freedom for young women. Two years ago when I was in Copenhagen, many young Norwegian girls assured me laughingly that they were again very well disposed toward me and I cannot forget a very elegant gesture made by the Norwegian minister in Paris. When my *Latitude of Love* was causing a certain amount of national ill-feeling he had the excellent idea of placing a number of copies of it in conspicuous places in his reception rooms. In this way he showed himself a man of spirit and made it clear that a satirical love story depicting foreign customs could never create a conflict between his country and mine.

'My new book, *Philippine*, has just appeared. In it I shall loosen the chains that have bound both the heart and mind of a country ruled by a dictator. At the same time, however, I believe that this novel will cause a great deal of disturbance in spite of my own profound desire for peace. You ask what is to be the theme of my lecture here? I shall discuss the modern woman and her intensity when in love. Naturally, I can speak only of the modern French woman when I am in a foreign country. You know my style and my approach and you also know that I like to discuss even serious things lightly. From everything that I know of Vienna and its character, I am convinced that I shall be fully understood here.'

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A seasoned veteran of Arabian travel sets forth by automobile from Jerusalem to points east. Ambitious tourists soon can follow in his wheel prints.

By MOTOR to Kurdistan

By WOLFGANG WEISL

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

MY DEPARTURE for Kurdistan was somewhat hurried. While I was waiting in Jerusalem for maps and a Kurdish grammar that I had ordered from Germany, rumors of my intended trip began circulating among the chauffeurs of the Holy City, a class of men who here, as elsewhere in the Orient, discover everything that is happening within a radius of a hundred miles. I was thus alarmed to read one fine day in the *Palestine Bulletin*, the only English daily in the Holy Land, that Dr. Weisl, who 'had been dangerously wounded by an Arab during last year's fighting,' was planning to set forth on a journey of investigation to Kurdistan.

A journey to Kurdistan in and of itself is no afternoon's excursion, but since the Turkish Kurds were already in a state of revolution and since the Kurds in Persia, as a result of the shooting of their most powerful leader, were probably not very dependable and since the Kurds of Irak keep showing marked hostility to the Arabian Government, my visit would by no means be without its dangers. And here was this newspaper announcing it to all the world and especially to the Arabian Government, and making reference to the fact that I had been regarded as an enemy of the Palestine Arabs only a year before.

I therefore called Mr. Goitein, the editor of the *Bulletin*, on the telephone and made the most elegant and complete denial that I could devise at the moment. I then seized my traveling companion, the renowned landscape painter, Ludwig Blum, from his wife's birthday party and departed in the first automobile I could find for Damascus. I had to arrive in Kurdistan before the news of my plans had reached there. The lovely journey over the smooth mountain roads of Samaria

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and Galilee I enjoyed less than it deserved. The view of Nazareth in the Yezreel Valley is indeed one of the most wonderful sights in the world, and the Arabian women of Cana live up to their reputation for beauty as they walk through the streets with tall jars balanced on their heads, picking their way among the shabby, rattling automobiles as if they were not just carrying home water from the local well but were bearing instead the very water that was turned to wine in honor of the bridegroom. But on this occasion I was not in the right mood to appreciate them, and when the deep blue Lake of Tiberias lay behind me and our car was climbing up the last sharp curves in the eucalyptus forest of Rosh Pinah I did not think how like a jewel the lake behind me looked or how the only one I had ever seen to compare with it was in Sumatra. I had just one idea: the first boundary on the way to Kurdistan.

Passport officials inspected us in the shadow of great eucalyptus trees. These trees were planted by Jewish colonists in the 1880's as a protection against malaria and since that time have become acclimatized to the Holy Land. In old-fashioned colored lithographs depicting Palestine landscapes, each house is always lying in the shadow of a date palm, droll and jagged like a feather duster. But to-day there are fewer palms in Palestine than there used to be. They can only be found near the coast and in the valley of the River Jordan, for they have been replaced by the Australian eucalyptus, which yields both shade and lumber and is also larger than the more artistic solitary date palm, which only newcomers admire.

Customs inspection over, the Jewish police let us depart. In a few minutes we were rolling down the heights of Rosh Pinah into the Jordan valley and across the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters. We were now in French Syria and again began climbing uphill across a plateau that is as full of extinct volcanoes as the Ringstrasse in Vienna is full of advertisement pillars. Mount Hermon, sheer and gigantic, we viewed from its southeastern side and Blum's artistic eye was enchanted. He had already taken note of the Circassian gendarmes at the border, bandits who have been pressed into military service through the rapid modernization of Asia. Both from a military and an artistic point of view they are certainly far superior to their Arabian colleagues, who for that reason do not love them greatly. I had succeeded in convincing them that our baggage would not have to be unstrapped from the running board of our automobile and a few minutes later we were spinning across the Jaulan plateau some three thousand feet above the sea on the way to Damascus.

MY plan was to get to Mosul as quickly as possible and then to ride from Mosul to Persian Kurdistan. I had no desire whatever to go to Bagdad and make the central officials aware of my presence. My next task was therefore to hire an automobile to Mosul. One can hire automobiles in the Orient in various ways, either through the hotel porter, by telephone, or by going in person to the different garages. The hotel porter adds fifty per cent to the price the chauffeur asks and the garage adds about thirty per cent over the telephone, but if one

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makes a personal visit one only has to pay about twenty per cent more than the natives do.

We therefore visited the largest of the four garages that now decorate the city of Saladin. The proprietor greeted us like long lost sons. With the simplest, most natural good-heartedness, he asked twenty-five pounds for an automobile to Bagdad. I replied, in the first place, that this sum was five times as much as any man in his right mind would pay and, secondly, that I did not want to go to Bagdad but to Mosul. The Arab then did all he could to show how deeply he pitied my lot but because it was I he was dealing with, whom, of course, he had never seen in his life before, he would be glad to let me make the trip for four hundred marks. 'Early to-morrow morning the convoy departs, that is the big automobile caravan that makes the five-hundred-and-fifty-mile journey twice a week across the desert that lies between Damascus and Bagdad. Order the automobile now and at six o'clock we shall be at your hotel,' he advised me earnestly. I again made it clear that I wanted to go to Mosul. 'Mosul? Out of the question. Nobody goes to Mosul. The road is bad; automobiles break down. One must go by railroad to Aleppo and from there by convoy to Mosul. Moreover, war is now going on between Palmyra and Deir ez-Zor. The Bedouins are revolting against France. One can't go through.'

Blum was at first inclined to believe this story and grew much excited at the prospect of new adventures with the Bedouins, and the garage proprietor, noticing the unexpected success of his account of conditions in the neighborhood of Mosul, reduced his price to Bagdad to fifteen pounds. But there was no automobile for Mosul. We then visited other garages and I was astonished to discover how cheap desert travel has now become. In my travel library I have a book by Major Powell describing a desert journey he made in 1922. This American officer at that time vainly offered two thousand dollars for an automobile to take him to Bagdad. To-day you can make the same journey for two hundred marks.

A single traveler can go even cheaper, since one seat on a truck costs the equivalent of seventy Austrian shillings, whereas one place in a passenger automobile costs from eighty to one hundred shillings for a journey of twenty-four hours' duration across the endless Arabian desert. Finally, I discovered a chauffeur who would take us by way of Palmyra to the city of Deir ez-Zor on the Euphrates and thence to Mosul. He asked thirteen pounds for the whole automobile for a three days' journey of more than six hundred miles. The next day we left Damascus. The journey to Kurdistan had begun.

A journey across the desert of Arabia, from Damascus to the banks of the Tigris across infinite stony wastes where robber tribes still live. Such a trip is a great adventure to a novice, but to an old traveler in Arabia it is a mere jaunt. The novice inevitably travels in the big, six-wheeled buses of the English Nairn Company, which operates a line from Beirut to Bagdad. Places in these huge machines cost twenty pounds each and the traveler is provided with every comfort from tea with biscuits and ice water in the middle of the desert at five o'clock sharp to airplane

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and military protection in case of Arabian attacks. But the true Oriental knows that attacks on automobiles in Arabia are as rare as theatre fires in Europe and that the one advantage of the Nairn wagons is that one sits very comfortably in them and can sleep at night. In nine out of ten cases, therefore, he chooses the ordinary passenger automobile, pays three pounds for his ticket, and goes to Bagdad just as safely as the tourists in their great buses.

BUT not every automobile can negotiate the desert, nor can every chauffeur. It is not difficult to find one's way during the day, since one can always tell which is east and west and since the wheels of hundreds of automobiles have left their marks on the hard surface of the desert, so that the chauffeur simply follows the track of those who have gone before. In this way a road is gradually being created from Damascus to Bagdad. And even if one loses the tracks of the other automobiles there are no valleys or streams in the whole wild expanse between Syria and Irak and if the chauffeur loses his way no harm can come to him as long as he keeps in the right direction. That is, provided his machine does not break down.

I remember one occasion when my automobile lost its way in the desert south of the Jebel ed-Druz, and came to a halt among a number of great rocks. On that occasion I was only able to move at the rate of three miles an hour. On another occasion, going from Bagdad to Damascus in 1928, the radiator began to leak and it took us six hours to make the last twenty miles to Damascus. If this misfortune had overtaken us a hundred miles sooner my automobile would certainly have never reached Damascus, and if we had wandered only a few miles from the line of communication neither our machine nor its occupants would ever have been seen again. Each automobile must take enough gasoline and water to go an extra two hundred and if possible an extra three hundred miles. Furthermore, the chauffeur must be able to stay on the job for at least twenty hours at a stretch.

It is incredible what the Oriental chauffeur must endure. Lashing sandstorms fill his eyes, nose, and mouth with millions of grains of dust until his eyes water and his mouth goes dry. For hours on end he must sit motionless at the wheel, steering his machine along its roadless journey, and only by the speedometer can he tell how many miles he has gone, since there are no landmarks the whole length and breadth of the desert. There is no such thing as a bad chauffeur in this country but there are bad mechanics whose automobiles last only a year and good ones whose automobiles last longer.

Automobiles used for desert travel look their part. They have a reserve water tank of zinc mounted on one running board, and on the other an extra tank for gasoline. Every conceivable spare part is also included, sometimes two extra parts. Automobiles with small radiators, like the old Fords, cannot be used for desert travel. Their water soon boils in the heat of the tropics, and if our German machines are not much used here it is because their water-cooling system is not adequate. Provisions are packed on board, the chauffeur sticks his

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revolver in his belt, and we are ready to depart.

How the journey proceeds depends on Allah and the chauffeur. I did not want to go to Bagdad but to Mosul. I wanted to go as rapidly as possible and not wait for the convoy. I also wanted to spend a whole day in Palmyra, since it is one of the most charming spots on earth, and then continue by night. One chauffeur after another to whom I proposed this plan declined. They said that night travel was dangerous and that going by way of Palmyra and going without a convoy were extremely dangerous. Moreover, there are fewer passengers coming back to Damascus from Mosul than from Bagdad and the chance of profit is therefore not so great. At last, however, I found a man, Sheik Beida by name, who accepted all my suggestions. He agreed to stop in Palmyra as long as I wanted, to go to Deir ez-Zor by night, and to do whatever I asked.

Next morning he arrived at our hotel in his vehicle. I prayed to God to help us. We had inspected his automobile the evening before, a splendid, new, eight-cylinder Nash. He now appeared in what was a Nash all right but it looked as if it had been sold for junk. It was battered, broken, and all its paint was gone. But Sheik Beida beamed on us with a friendly smile, saying, 'I have rented the other machine to a friend. This one here is good enough for a journey to Mosul. The sand would ruin a new automobile.' We spent the next four hours giving our opinions of the comparative values of new and old machines and of the morality of Damascene chauffeurs, but in vain. By ten o'clock I recognized that I was beaten. Our baggage was strapped aboard. Forty-five gallons of gasoline were poured into our tanks and we set forth.

THE religion of Islam has one great advantage over all other religions. When Mohammed speaks of the paradise to which the just will be summoned no one has any doubt or uncertainty concerning what he means, and there is no need to indulge in fancy. Paradise is simply the city of Damascus, and above all its surroundings. In the thirteenth and forty-fourth chapters of the Koran this paradise to which God-fearing men will be summoned is described. 'Streams flow through it and its fruits and shades are eternal. It is the reward of those who fear God. Clad in silks and brocades and wedded to dark-eyed maidens, they will sit in safe places in gardens and at springs and will enjoy all manner of fruits.' Only he who knows the desert, where the relentless, white-hot sun beats down on the red-brown rocks and on the hard, dusty earth, which only receives two or three days of rain or dew a year, fully understands the desire for shade, water, and greenery that this Mohammedan dream of paradise expresses.

The River Abana, that has made the country surrounding Damascus into a land of gardens for six hundred square miles, represents to the Arab the picture of this paradise. The fruits of the Koran are represented by the apples, pears, nuts, olives, figs, grapes, peaches, and apricots that grow in these gardens two thousand feet above the sea. Yet, six or seven miles north of Damascus, vegetation suddenly vanishes. First the olive groves come to an end, then comes a village with a

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little field of grapes,—one does not speak of vineyards here,—then a village with some poplars and vegetable gardens, and then dreary, shadeless desert as far as the eye can reach. Rocks, crags, and more rocks extend to the mountains that mark the horizon with their red and yellow peaks, across which blue shadows fall.

We set forth for Palmyra, or Tadmur, as King Solomon called it, the city of palms in the midst of the desert. Our automobile left a trail of dust behind it, but to the right and left of us and in front of us more dust was whirling with no apparent cause, whirling up into columns, straight, perpendicular columns rising above the desert hills and mountains to a height of perhaps five hundred, perhaps a thousand, feet. These columns of whirling dust, called *zoba'ah* by the Egyptians, move across the country with a circular motion. There is a legend that a jinn, or evil spirit, dwells in each of them, and each time a *zoba'ah* approached the automobile I muttered piously, 'God is great,' as is the custom in the Hejaz, so that the spirit in the column of dust would realize that I was a believer, against whom he could not prevail. But my enlightened chauffeur simply laughed, spat, and continued on his way through the column, showing no respect for the spirit. These columns are almost the only signs of life in the desert. Everything else is dead, quiet, and yellow. Even the sparse, prickly weeds that grow at such regular intervals that they seem to have been planted by some gardener look dead and dry under the yellowish-gray dust that covers them.

An ancient canal cuts straight across the valley we were traversing, but it, too, is dead and has no water in it. This is called a *khanateh*, or horizontal well, and is one of the most extraordinary inventions ever made by a nation doomed to live in a country that lacks water. I believe that the Persians invented these horizontal wells and that Persian slaves in Arabian armies spread the art throughout the Mohammedan world. Their secret, however, has gradually been lost, like the art of making Damascus steel. Only in Persia and perhaps in Algeria do any of these canals contain water.

How were they dug? The well digger, who had to possess a certain degree of second sight, looked for a layer of water in the soil not too deep down. When his instinct led him to the right place he would drop a perpendicular shaft until he struck water, but this was usually only the upper layer of subsoil water and not the deeper layer. When he had found the water he did not continue digging down but dug horizontally in the direction of the village or the field to which he wanted the water to flow. Every few yards he would sink a vertical shaft to this underground canal, through which to throw up the earth he was excavating, and this earth was often built into a protecting wall around the air shaft.

HOUR after hour we traversed empty country. Our eyes still deceived us because we had only just entered the desert, and every rock the size of a child's head looked in the distance like a house, and every tumbled-down wall looked like a royal palace. The tremendous expanse of flat country made everything seem larger. On the horizon where the hills emerged from

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the thick dust a blue lake seemed to be shimmering, a lake with islands and houses surrounded by jagged bushes and palms. But all this was a mirage caused by the atmospheric dust.

Now and then we would pass a little village with gardens and fields of grain, for there is water in the desert, more than one imagines. The French Government has had new wells dug and has established new settlements. Finally we came to the village of Kariatein, the last place of human habitation before we reached Palmyra. The women here wear clothes of brilliant colors, red and yellow, instead of the dull, dark blue that the women of Palestine and southern Syria wear. They are ugly as witches and perhaps they are witches, for Kariatein is renowned for its magic. Lunatics who spend their lives in chains go to sleep and wake up in the morning without their chains and sound of mind. So goes the legend. But the village mayor denied these stories. They happened in the old days when lunatics were really lunatics and the government was different from what it is to-day. Now the local magic no longer works and lunatics no longer come here but go to the capital, where they spend months in the hospital but do not get cured. The old days were better, the mayor declared as he offered us another cup of coffee.

The journey continued hour after hour and the sun sank low in the sky. Deep shadows fell across the burning red mountain sides, ever lengthening, ever heavier, and the valley grew more and more narrow. The mountains lay before us like the curtains of a stage and we felt that some tremendous landscape, some overwhelming view must lie beyond these curtains if they would but open. Finally we came to a narrow, majestic valley guarded by mighty towers made of ancient blocks of hewn stone. Here lie the great men of old Palmyra, their monuments serving as portals to the dead city.

One more curve and yet another, and now Palmyra lay at our feet in the last rays of the evening sun. Nothing that Rome or Greece has left behind can compare with this miraculous desert city. Surrounded by the dark green trees that gave Palmyra its name in the days of King Solomon, the golden acropolis of this city emerged, crowned with the walls and pillars of the Temple of the Sun, which from a distance makes one forget even the view of Athens. Around the hill with the ruined temple on it stood a forest of pillars half sunk in the sand, the former forum and market place. Temples and arches of triumph grew out of the dim sand, kissed by the last rays of the sun as it sank behind the deeply shadowed mountains that wall off the valley of Palmyra. Through a cloud of dust we saw the red capes and bright saddles of the hundreds of camels belonging to the French camel corps, which keeps watch here. On their way back from pasture they were wandering among the Roman columns where once the lovely Empress Zenobia waged war on Rome after having subdued Syria and half of Mesopotamia.

Far to the eastward night had already fallen. In the twilight we made our way to the modern city of Palmyra, which has grown up in the last year. The Hôtel du Désert, where I spent the night five years ago during the uprising of the Druses, has comfortable guest rooms and cosmopolitan prices. We were told that next winter

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there will even be electric light. Outside the full moon was shining on vast columns nearly sixty feet high, though they looked much higher in the uncertain light and were infinitely majestic. The endless desert is gradually covering them and had claimed them so completely that two hundred years ago no European believed that this really was the city of the Empress Zenobia. But as the hotel-keeper poured us out whiskey he promised us that next year he would have an ice factory, electricity, and American tourists.

Bedouins wandered past us, proud and regal. One of them, bigger and prouder than the rest, came to my hotel table, greeted me, and begged for a cigarette. Too bad. This little episode hardly harmonized with the rest of what Zenobia left behind.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later the evening sun was again setting behind the ruins of Palmyra. Our Arabian chauffeur prepared our automobile for the journey while we watched the camel squadron of Palmyra on parade. The big animals knelt in the soft sand at the foot of the gigantic Temple of the Sun. Chewing their cuds, they looked at us with timid faces, raising their eyebrows high above their big eyes. The French veterinary went from one beast to another. The Arabian noncommissioned officer shouted, 'Attention.' The Bedouins snapped their bare heels together and stood erect. The camels raised their heads at the word of command, looked earnestly at the Frenchman who was inspecting their harness, and then gazed about, wondering what we were doing here in this old palm-tree city of Palmyra, the city of King Solomon and of the Empress Zenobia.

For the camels are at home here. Caravans of them laden with pearls, silks, incense, and cinnamon and escorted by the battalions of the rich Bedouin princes used to stop at Palmyra on their way from Bagdad to Damascus. Camels were also used when Odenathus of Palmyra waged war on the Persian king, Shapur, overran Mosul, and proclaimed himself Emperor of Palmyra, and when the armies of his widow, the Empress Zenobia, penetrated Egypt. To-day these camels and their Arabian masters are serving the French, while Palmyra, which was once the capital of the Orient, is merely a beautiful city of ruins.

Our automobile is ready to depart. Moonlight pours down on the flat Palmyra plains as we pass the last house of the French garrison on our way eastward. Kipling has written poems describing the desert as a bed of red-hot sand with palm trees here and there. These descriptions apply to the Sinai Desert and to the Sahara but not to the Syrian Desert, for here there are no palms, no trees, no bushes even, only occasional gardens in the few oases. There is not even any sand, nothing but gravel and stone, stone and gravel, with now and then some rocks. A few little hills, from sixty to ninety feet high, break the monotony of the plain, and occasional valleys separate little chains of hills scarcely a hundred feet high. That is all.

The road to the Euphrates is well traveled. There is a track of wheel prints at least thirty feet wide and so distinct that it can be seen clearly even at night, and in addition the prudent French Government has

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erected signposts with '*Piste du Désert*' written on them along with the number of kilometres to Deir ez-Zor, the city on the Euphrates. It seems an absolutely commonplace affair to be journeying through the desert at night on the road that armies of Jews, Syrians, Greeks, Romans, Parthians, Persians, Turks, and Arabs once traversed. The sand shimmers a silver blue and grotesque eminences rise darkly into the brilliant night sky. A gentle wind laden with the dampness of the Euphrates blows upon us. Above us as we ride through this fairyland in our open machine the great vaulted heavens are illuminated by the moon, which shines with a clearness that one sees only in desert countries. The automobile shoots forward at forty miles an hour across the Syrian Desert, bouncing over little depressions and skidding around sharp corners on two wheels, for the chauffeur is just as intoxicated as we by this desert night.

An expanse of dark, camel-hair tents occupied by wandering Bedouin tribes emerges dimly across the plain. Isolated lights glimmer. Here and there through the openings of these tents watchdogs bark at us as we whirl by. Then comes another stretch of desert country and then more Bedouin tents, for the land is not barren here. Many kinds of herbs and grasses grow ankle-deep among the stones and rustle in the night wind which blows from the east. If there were water, this desert could be made into fertile country.

SUDDENLY Sheik Beida, our chauffeur, stopped and looked anxiously about him, for he had lost the way and there were no wheel tracks to be found. For the past quarter of an hour we had quite forgotten to watch where we were going and we would not in the least relish having to encamp for the night in a place where so many Bedouins are living. I therefore advised our chauffeur to turn back and follow our own wheel prints until we came to the place where we had turned off from the path the other motors had followed. Slowly, at the speed of a funeral procession, we retraced our wheel prints a hundred yards, two hundred yards. Then we lost track even of our own way. The ground was too hard for our wheels to make any furrows and the strong east wind had scattered the little bits of gravel that had been crushed under our tires. We could find neither the way we had come nor the route eastward.

Obviously our position was not a very comfortable one. But since it would be more dangerous to stop than to continue our journey we turned our automobile around again and resumed our way eastward. We progressed cautiously through a narrow valley whose lofty sides might be a hundred or three hundred feet high, for it is hard to measure such eminences during the desert night. At the other end of the valley we hoped to find a point to steer by and after turning corner after corner we finally left a high hill behind us and found ourselves suddenly in the midst of an endless expanse of black tents, perhaps hundreds, perhaps thousands of them.

A sentry shouted to us and came over to our automobile, politely asking for cigarettes and then commiserating our misfortune. He showed us which way to go and we headed northward much more light-heartedly. After

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about twelve miles we reached the desert town of Chabaghib and soon afterward the caravan route leading to the Euphrates. Three more hours of desert, desert, desert, and then in the distance acetylene lights on single posts, real street lamps in a real city, Deir ez-Zor, the garrison on the Euphrates. We had arrived at the town that once marked the boundary between Syria and Assyria, that separated the Parthians and the Romans, and that to-day divides British from French Arabia.

Syria, of course, extends far beyond the Euphrates halfway to the Tigris, but the last city on the way to Irak, on the way to Nineveh, is the one we were approaching at that moment. We entered the suburbs, which were made up of one-story houses built, like the houses of all sons of the desert, out of baked clay or bricks that had simply been dried in the sun. It was a dreary, depressing, and ugly settlement even in the moonlight, which makes all Oriental cities look much better than they really are. On the main street we encountered a few little trees, showing that the French have pursued their cultural labors even in this God-forsaken spot. We stopped at a garage and were distressed to find that we could go no farther. The customs and passport offices of the French Mandated Territory are not open at night, and since the next day was Sunday perhaps we should have to wait a whole day. We then passed the remainder of the night in the Hotel Central in Deir ez-Zor on the banks of the Euphrates. Here, according to the Bible, was the boundary of Israel. Alexander the Great and Julian the Apostate both crossed the eternal river at this spot, and here too, perhaps, was the border line of paradise, if the geographic descriptions in the Book of Genesis can be believed.

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Oswald Spengler's most distinguished disciple offers some up-to-date criticisms of Byron and Hans Andersen. Egon Friedell is the author of *A Cultural History of the Modern Age*, which has been widely and favorably compared with *The Decline of the West.*

Two Studies *in* Literature

By Egon Friedell

Hans Andersen and the Philistines

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

THE GENERAL PUBLIC looks upon Hans Andersen more or less as a certain young lieutenant depicted in one of our humorous papers regarded Julius Cæsar when he said that it was impossible for Cæsar to have been a great man since he wrote only for the youngest classes in Latin. Because Andersen was such a great writer that even children understand him there are certain sophisticates who believe that he is not clever enough for them. The true artist, however, is like King Midas—everything he touches turns to gold.

Moreover, Andersen's writings have a double meaning. Observed objectively they seem to be nothing but simple stories which can be read in such a way that they appear suited only to children. It is, I say, possible to read them in this fashion, but that is not the way they ought to be read, for essentially they are satires. They are fairy stories in form only. Andersen was, of course, a story-teller writing for children, but this was merely his point of departure. His naïveté is not fundamental, it is merely a rôle that he plays, and thus his writings embody a form of art that is ironic in the sense in which Socrates used the word. His utter simplicity and naturalness are the products of the highest artistic refinement. Only the natural man and the genius have the gift of creating the impression of simplicity, but the two types should

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not be confused, for they are actually the two opposite poles of human expression. Andersen's profound artistry, which he possesses to such a consummate degree that one does not feel it at all, makes him one of the most deep and genuine satirists of all time.

For in point of fact every writer is really a satirist. The writer looks upon the world with unprejudiced, penetrating eyes and discovers a quantity of things that seem to him important but that also seem to have been insufficiently or falsely observed, or, what is still more common, he sees things that seem false in themselves. Thus the writer feels it necessary to improve this sad state of affairs and present things in as true a light as possible. Satire always has been and always will be his best medium. Profound moral seriousness, an honest desire to reform, and the gift of seeing straight—these are the roots of genuine poetic satire.

Andersen's fundamental theme is the eternal struggle of the genius against Philistinism, against the unspiritual materialism, the lazy self-satisfaction, the intolerance, the vanity, the cowardly conventionality of the average man. All shades of human pettiness, mendacity, and egotism are displayed, and most of his stories, because they depict animals, plants, and household properties instead of men, seem rather like fables. Yet no one would ever think of calling these stories fables, for the essence of the fable is always somewhat intellectual, and when the average writer of fables discourses on the stupidity of the goose, the vanity of the peacock, or the cowardliness of the rabbit he seems to be winking at us artfully and asking us of whom that reminds us. The allegory is always more than obvious.

But with Andersen's creations one completely forgets that they represent certain human thoughts and feelings. Of course, the fox in the fable is simply the idea of cunning; he is not an individual fox or even a fox at all. Yet Andersen does not personify certain virtues and defects; he gives us these qualities in the form of living originals. We are utterly convinced by the complacency of the cucumber, the megalomania of the beetle, the purse-proud attitude of the money-pig, the boastfulness of the collar, the vanity of the darning needle, the prudishness of the garter. All these imaginative conceptions become concrete realities, creatures that we know personally.

One of the chief qualities of the Philistine is that he imagines himself to be the centre of the world and believes that his tasks are the most important of any, that, indeed, they are the only important ones. He assesses the value of his fellow beings in accordance with how nearly their activities resemble his own and assumes that everything different from himself is for that reason of no importance. The man who talks shop is an ever recurring motive in Andersen's stories and this preoccupation leads to a second similar quality. Most of Andersen's characters are real bureaucrats, who do not believe that they live on account of their occupations but that their occupations exist on their account. The family of snails are firmly convinced that the thistles on which they live were created only to nourish them and that the rain falls only to make a drumming music for their pleasure, and since none of them has ever been cooked

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and eaten they believe that the human race has died off. The tomcat explains that anybody who cannot arch his back and make sparks has no business to express an opinion on any subject.

Another quality of Philistine characters is that they are never satisfied with the place which Providence has assigned them and always want to be something more than they are. The darning needle first believes that it is a sewing needle and then that it is a scarf pin. The flatiron thinks that it is a steam boiler that ought to be on a locomotive, pulling trains. The wheelbarrow explains that it is a quarter of a coach because it goes on one wheel. The rocking-horse talks of nothing but training and ancestry. Each one has his own lie of life, and all of them want to live above their station, impudently throwing dust in one another's eyes.

FROM these descriptions of types which, taken as a whole, represent the broad average of everyday life, Andersen moves on to still higher reaches of satire which often contain a whole philosophy of human nature in a nutshell. Take, for example, the goblin in the story called 'The Goblin and the Hawker.' Is n't his situation the situation of all of us—don't we all sway back and forth between the love of oatmeal with good butter and the love of poetry which one can't eat? And does not the story of the emperor's new clothes contain a whole treatise on sociology? All the people assert that they see the emperor's clothes although he has nothing on, for anyone who does not see his clothes must either be quite stupid or utterly unworthy. And the story of the ugly duckling is nothing more nor less than a discussion of the fate and development of genius. The genius may be distinguished from all other creatures by his humility. Because he is different from the rest he considers himself unimportant and distinctly inferior, and other people, for their part, mock him, attack him, and snub him. 'He is too big and strange,' all the ducks say, 'and therefore he must be puffed up.' Finally it turns out that the reason he has none of the ordinary duck virtues and duck beauties is because he is really a swan.

Almost all of Andersen's stories lay themselves open to long and detailed interpretations. One could write fat books about them, just as he had Chinese sages write about the nightingale. But such works would be no more useful than those of the Chinese. For Andersen's stories do not really need any interpretation. What makes them so extraordinarily charming is the complete naturalness of his descriptions, in which picture after picture works out its own effect. And, besides this, there is his understanding love, which desires only to portray and which makes all moralizing tendencies vanish.

With these methods Andersen can read every secret. It is as if he possessed the magic stone in Maeterlinck's *Bluebird*. He needs only to press it and all things reveal their souls to him. The soul of the cat and the soul of the dog make their appearance and the souls of inanimate things, too—milk, bread, and sugar. And everything keeps growing more and more beautiful and impressive. The hours leave the clock and turn into bright maidens who reach out their hands to each other. To Ander-

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sen nothing lacks a soul or life. The whole world is full of thoughts and sensations. One need only read them, and this the poet does. He reads the delicate love-filled thoughts of the nightingale; the false, hostile thoughts of the cat; the soft, gentle thoughts of the rose; the haughty thoughts of the snail; the humble thoughts of the mole. And inanimate things also come to life; the humming top, the inkwell, the clothes brush, the timepiece, the teapot, all of them have all kinds of sensations.

And, like little Tyltyl, the poet need only press his stone to find himself in the kingdom of the past, among the dead. But these dead are no longer dead, for they sit about talking happily. Andersen also penetrates the kingdom of the future and sees souls not yet born, and they too become alive and give him answer. But what he seeks above all is the Bluebird. If he can only find that, it will reveal to him the ultimate mystery, but that is the one thing that Andersen, just like Tyltyl and every poet before or after him, never found. This bird the poets are always seeking and on its account only do they wander through every sphere of being, evoking a soul from everything. Of course, no poet will ever find this bird, but that is perhaps a good thing, for otherwise they would not look for it any more.

Byron and the Romantics

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

LORD BYRON was the figurehead of his period. Like some famous painting that is reproduced thousands of times over, well and ill, cheaply and expensively, innumerable copies of Byron began populating all of Europe, endeavoring to reproduce the essence of his extraordinary creation. He laid his stamp on the spiritual life of the whole epoch and every coin big and small, genuine and counterfeit, bore Lord Byron's countenance.

We all know that Byron discovered *Weltschmerz*, a form of sorrow that this earth itself inflicts, and that is therefore incurable, for in order to still its pains one must transcend the world. It is a sorrow that invariably leads to a denial of life, unless one can take pleasure in the sorrow itself. Thus it is hard to say whether Byron, who represents the classic type of the unhappy man and writer, was really unhappy. It is a problem that has two answers, like a quadratic equation—one positive, the other negative.

When Thorwaldsen had finished his bust of Byron in Rome, the latter indignantly exclaimed, 'That is not like me. I look much more unhappy.' One pleasure, however, he enjoyed all his life, perhaps the highest pleasure an artist can experience. The French call it '*la vie à grande vitesse*.' His life was an unbroken drama, one is almost tempted to say a cinema, crowded with dénouements, crises, struggles, deeds of heroism, social successes, idolatry, and scandal. Seldom has one man aroused so many strong emotions. An English lady fell unconscious when he paid an unexpected call on Madame de Staël. Another fell in love with him, ten years after he had died, and committed suicide. One thinks of Alex-

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ander and Achilles, handsome, tragic young conquerors, and he, too, had his Achilles' heel. Macaulay has said of him:—

'All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favorite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. . . . He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies. . . . The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. . . . He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.'

Yes, he had his Achilles' heel, but we are not referring to his club foot. This hero's vulnerable spot lay in his soul. It was the illness from which his period suffered. Surrounded by every indulgence, he pined for passionate emotions. In existence he suspected nonexistence. He was Faust and Hamlet in a single person. A life crowded with fame, love, wealth, and beauty caused him to despise the world. It makes no difference at all what destiny brings a man; he always suffers what he must suffer. The worm devours earth and flourishes, for it knows that it can find what gives it life even in dead soil. In like manner the man who needs pleasure will find pleasure even in death and darkness. Every human organism is to some extent adjusted to a certain quantity of pleasure and pain. The cow turns everything into milk and manure. Bees turn everything into wax and honey. The artist turns everything into beauty. The melancholy man makes everything sad, and the genius makes everything new.

One might describe Byron's life work as a gigantic serial story, if the words did not have a rather unfavorable connotation. He was never very ingenious with the plot, but it was only a scaffolding from which his superb fireworks were displayed. What was amazing and unprecedented was his palette, but what he painted was always himself, Lord George Gordon Byron, the dazzling, melancholy lion of romance. The objection has often been made that he painted things and people too black, but if that is true he turned the laws of optics upside down, for never has an artist got so many brilliant effects from dark colors. He himself used to reply to such criticisms by saying, 'I feel that you are right, but I also feel that I am right.'

HE knew that wisdom kills and that the tree of knowledge is poisonous. 'Sorrow is knowledge.' This sounds very different from the jubilant, victorious cry that a fellow countryman of his uttered three hundred years before, 'Wisdom is power.' Between Lord Bacon and Lord Byron lies the path of understanding that modern Europe has followed. To Byron, thought is 'the mildew of life,' and he also has written, 'And know, whatever thou hast been, 't is something better not to be.'

Goethe characterized him beautifully when he said that he represented a 'rich despair.' Byron is, as we know, Euphorion, the son of the Faustian world-urge and of classic beauty.

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Euphorion is modern poetry, similar to Icarus, incapable of living, yet full of life, 'naked, a genius without wings, a faun without bestiality.'

Byron laid his stamp on the age; his shadow lay across it. Chateaubriand's character, René, said, 'Everything wearies me. I carry my boredom drearily about with me and yawn my whole life long.' In 1804 Senancour's *Obermann* appeared and the figure of the overwhelmed man made a first appearance in French literature. He was a kind of Werther and like Werther he drove many of his readers to suicide, although he himself denied life only in theory. Unlike René, who was less honest, he was an atheist. His fundamental pathos was '*le désenchantement de la vie.*' Innumerable novels of the same kind followed this course. Every one had a hero who was, as Benjamin Constant said of his character, Adolphe, 'the victim of a mixture of egoism and sensibility.' Their philosophy was that of Leopardi, 'Pain and boredom are our essence and the world is filth, nothing else.' Far and wide there was no sense and no fruitfulness: 'Uso alcuno, alcun frutto indovinar non so.' Slavic literature, too, produced the superfluous type. Mickiewicz wrote his *Pan Tadeusz*, Pushkin his *Eugene Onyegin*, and Lermontov his modern ballads about the army officer, Pechorin, in *A Hero of Our Time*. Even Metternich knew whole stanzas of *Childe Harold*.

A veritable epidemic of suicides broke out and the twenty-eight-year-old Charlotte Stieglitz stabbed herself so that this shattering experience might make her husband a great poet. Of course the experiment failed and the result was just what Relling von Hjalmar Ekdal prophesied, 'Within nine months she had merely become for him a beautiful subject for declamation.' Other romantic women did not go so far but contented themselves by proclaiming that they were not for this world. Thus they were always falling into faints, suffering from unending sicknesses, and denying themselves all physical hardships and pleasures. Eating was considered unromantic. Byron had worked out a hunger diet for himself in order to appear more spiritual and he dropped a marchioness in whom he was interested as soon as he saw her attacking a veal cutlet with relish. His friend, Shelley, lived on bread and water and Princess Guiccoli ate nothing.

Since history never repeats itself, this second period of sensitivity was much less fundamental and more purely literary than the sensitiveness that prevailed when Goethe wrote the *Sorrows of Young Werther*. It was, however, more genuine, that is, more nihilistic, and therefore more complicated. 'It is,' as Immermann said, 'as if humanity, afloat in its little ship on a sea of overpowering magnitude, suffered from a moral seasickness whose end could hardly be foreseen.'

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The daughter of an English bishop gives a first-hand account of how the Polish Government treats its non-Polish subjects. Here is gruesome evidence that at least one of the new European states has misused its independence.

POLAND'S Reign *of* Terror

By MARY SHEEPSHANKS

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

[NOTE.—The official Polish Press Bureau in London, in a series of widely circulated bulletins, has recently tried to throw discredit upon the reports which have appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* upon Polish affairs. It has questioned not only the paper's accuracy, but its good faith. At the time of the publication of these bulletins we dealt day by day with such points as seemed to us to require refutation or comment. The bulletins were also largely concerned with points of detail which we did not think it necessary to pursue and with general reflections upon the character of the *Manchester Guardian* as a newspaper which we were well content to leave to the judgment of the public. We can only suppose that the underlying motive of this remarkable campaign was to distract attention from our truthful account of the terror in Eastern Galicia this autumn, of the violence and trickery practised in the recent elections, and of the barbarous treatment of political prisoners.

Confirmation of the accuracy of our reports is not difficult to obtain. We publish below the report of Miss Mary Sheepshanks on the atrocities perpetrated in Eastern Galicia, of which she made a special investigation on the spot. Miss Sheepshanks, who is a daughter of the late Bishop Sheepshanks, was at one time head of Morley College, then secretary to the 'Fight-the-Famine' organization, and has for several years been secretary of the Women's International League at its headquarters at Geneva. Some of the details of her story make painful reading, but we have thought it neces-

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sary to publish it in full since it shows that our reports, whose accuracy has been officially denied by the Polish Press Bureau, in no way exaggerated the truth.—EDITOR, *Manchester Guardian.*]

AN URGENT REQUEST was sent to some international bodies by the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia, and especially by the women, to send an independent commission of inquiry to investigate the methods used by the Polish soldiery and police in the 'pacification' carried out during October and up to the elections on November 16. In response to this request, two women, an Austrian and an Englishwoman, recently visited the districts concerned, and, in spite of all the difficulties placed by the authorities in the way of obtaining the information, it was found possible to collect first-hand evidence as to the sufferings inflicted on hundreds of villagers in the districts concerned.

The Ukrainians or, as the Poles prefer to call them, Ruthenians, number about 5,000,000 in Eastern Galicia, and differ in race and language from the Poles. They have a distinctive culture of their own, and, although by religion Roman Catholics, acknowledging and being acknowledged by the Papacy, they have a church of their own, the Uniat, which has a liturgy akin to that of the Greek Orthodox. Their Metropolitan Archbishop, Count Szeptycki, a man of great culture and learning, is one of the leading spokesmen of their racial ideals, and a champion of their civil rights. The pastoral letter in which, in the month of October, he protested against the Polish 'pacification' was suppressed by the authorities. The events which led up to the severe repressive measures ordered by the Polish Government were rick burnings carried out, it is stated, by schoolboys going through the country on bicycles. Instead of punishing the culprits it was decided to terrorize the whole population. The Ukrainians themselves believe that the repressive measures were ordered, not in consequence of the firing of crops, but in order to terrorize the population into voting for the Government list in the elections.

THE investigation of all these events is very difficult owing to the following ordinances:—

PARAGRAPH 1: ARTICLE 1.—Whoever intentionally puts at the disposal of strangers information, documents, or other material which in the interest of the Polish State should be kept secret from the governments of foreign states is liable to a punishment of five years' imprisonment.

PARAGRAPH 1: ARTICLE 5.—Whoever intentionally, or without authorization, collects information, documents, or other material such as is mentioned in Article 1, or whoever attempts to obtain possession or to get information of such things, is liable to a punishment of three years' imprisonment.

Many persons are now in prison for mere possession of information with regard to damage done to persons and property. Houses are frequently searched by police, and the population is so thoroughly terrorized and in such actual danger of further reprisals that few will venture to make a statement that may lead to further floggings or imprisonment. Nevertheless, it was found possible to interview a number of peasants and workmen from different villages who were still suffering from the frightful beatings inflicted on

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them two months ago. In each case the general plan followed was similar, and showed clearly that it was ordered from headquarters. In some cases the attack on the village was made by cavalry, in others by police squads; the time chosen was generally night. The village was surrounded, machine guns set up. Some soldiers were detailed to levy contributions in live stock, grain, and sometimes cash from each household. Others forced the villagers to wreck their reading room, library, and coöperative store, and for these operations they were not allowed tools but had to use their hands, which were often torn and bleeding, in fact used to the bone. They were then made to sign a declaration that they had carried out the demolition of their own free will. A third detachment rounded up the leading men of the village, especially the keeper of the coöperative store, the custodian of the reading room, and others, including the schoolmaster and the priest. These men were then driven into a barn, stripped, held down, and beaten with the thick sticks used for threshing. The beating was continued till the men lost consciousness; they then had cold water poured over them and the beating was resumed. Very often two or three hundred blows were inflicted, so that the flesh was horribly torn, and in the case of the man we saw the wounds were still unhealed and raw after two months. In many cases bones were broken; in some cases death ensued. A woman from one of the villages told us how she had seen the beatings carried out, and how one young man who was being pressed to acknowledge that he had arms hidden, at last, in frantic pain, said, in order to stop the flogging, that he had a gun hidden in his roof. The soldiers then went to look for it, and, not finding it (it had never existed), they beat him to death.

This woman also told us how she saw a man dragged, after beating, along the roads, tied to the motor-car of the officers. Women of the village were forced by the soldiers to dress in their festal clothes, to provide wine and wait on the troops, and then to accompany them to the next village. Meanwhile the beaten men, bleeding and fainting, were thrown into a cellar, where they were left for twenty-four hours without attention to their wounds, and even without a drink of water.

In some cases women, children, and very old men were flogged. We saw a boy of thirteen whose leg was broken by the soldiers, and the bone was so injured and inflamed that it will not heal. We saw also a man of sixty-three who has now been ill for ten weeks as a result of his beating.

One terrible feature of the whole procedure was the refusal of medical treatment to the victims. Doctors were forbidden to go out of the towns to the villages, and peasants attempting to come into the towns for treatment were turned back by the police. In many cases the wounds have gangrened, and either death or lifelong injury has resulted. As is inevitable when a helpless peasantry is handed over to the armed soldiers and police to do with as they like, numerous excesses of all kinds have occurred. A priest, Mandziy, after receiving two hundred blows on the back and having water thrown over him, was then turned over and the police stamped on his chest and beat him on the belly and legs; in his agony he begged to be

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shot. The police were at the time cooking their meal near by; they took the boiling food and threw it over his wounds. Shortly after this his death was announced by the Polish press, but, unfortunately for himself, he still lingers on in torture. His sister, who lived with him, was then beaten and his house broken up.

In another village there was a Jewish doctor who wished to dress the wounds, but was forbidden to do so. The Polish hospitals have refused to take in the victims, and in many cases the local doctor has fled for fear of arrest, as several doctors found dressing wounds of the victims were imprisoned.

Evidence in support of this statement was given to us by doctors, and a list is in our possession of cases of wounds with the name, age, and village of each victim. These include cases of necrosis, hemorrhage, broken eardrums caused by blows on the head, and gangrene.

IN order to prevent medical reports' being drawn up the houses of Ukrainian doctors in the towns were searched by the police, even the jam pots and children's toy cupboards being searched for documents or photographs. Lawyers, too, were forbidden to take any action in defense of their clients. A number of persons who had been injured and whose property had been pillaged and looted by soldiers and police addressed themselves to lawyers in Tarnopol. For merely taking down statements of their clients' cases they were seized by the police, who searched their houses. Five lawyers were imprisoned. In one case the wife, who acted as her husband's secretary, had helped in drawing up a statement. She was taken to the police station, stripped in front of the police, and imprisoned in various prisons for two months. Then in despair and misery she refused all food, and was finally released.

In another case the wife of a priest who was severely ill was told by the police to get up, and on being unable to do so was dragged from her bed and beaten until insensible. Her two daughters, aged thirteen and seventeen, were similarly beaten.

Besides damage to persons, immense damage has been done to property. The priest's house in many cases has been wrecked, the furniture and books destroyed. The village reading rooms, libraries, and coöperative stores have been systematically destroyed.

The priests were special objects of enmity. On one occasion a bishop who personally visited sixteen villages immediately after, and in some cases during a raid, was threatened, and only released when he showed his episcopal cross. On another occasion, the Bishop of Stanislawów, hearing the cavalry approaching a neighboring village, drove to the presbytery, sent the priest away in his carriage, and himself occupied the priest's place. When the soldiers came to search for the priest, the bishop declared, 'I am now the priest here,' and they were afraid to touch him. In many cases the victims were forced, under threats and mistreatment, to sing the Polish national hymn and to cry 'Long live Pilsudski.'

After these raids had continued for some time, the inhabitants, on hearing that troops were approaching their village, would flee into the woods and remain in hiding for many days, in

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some cases for weeks. In some villages the troops took the roofs from the houses, or forced the peasants to destroy the roofs; the windows were broken wholesale, stoves damaged, agricultural machinery, sewing machines, and other apparatus broken up. In some cases wells were befouled and the drinking-water supply destroyed.

Naturally, as in all such cases, there were attacks on women. We possess the names of persons and of villages who were mistreated in various ways, and we possess signed statements as to the damage done. Evidence was also obtained from other eyewitnesses of the events, from women belonging to various women's organizations, from lawyers, deputies, doctors, and clergy, in particular from bishops, who have so far been immune from personal violence, and who are in close touch with the clergy and inhabitants.

Several points must be emphasized. In the first place, this so-called 'pacification' has been carried out with a ferocity which can be compared only to the previous atrocities carried out in the early nineteenth century by the Bashi-Bazouks in the old Turkish territories. Secondly, these atrocities were not punishments inflicted for crime but were inflicted without trial and wholesale on an entire population. Thirdly, they were done by command of the Government and were carried out strictly according to plan and were not merely the excesses of subordinates. Fourthly, the victims were denied all medical assistance. Fifthly, every effort has been made to prevent the drawing up of any reports or statistics showing the extent of the repression. The number of villages thus treated was between five hundred and eight hundred. It cannot be stated with exactitude how many peasants and workmen were flogged, but the number certainly runs into the hundreds, and perhaps into the thousands. Imprisonments have also been carried out on a great scale, and when the prisons were full the barracks and other buildings were requisitioned.

If, as is stated by the Polish apologists, this whole affair has been much exaggerated, it is a matter for surprise that they resist the attempts to ascertain the exact facts.

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The German author of a best-selling book on England analyzes that country's present state of mind, particularly from a literary point of view. He draws the line of great English novelists from Dickens to Galsworthy to Joyce.

ENGLAND'S Unseen Change

By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM

Translated from the *Literarische Welt*
Berlin Literary Weekly

UNQUESTIONABLY England has been much less upset by the War and the post-war period than any belligerent nation in continental Europe. When one comes from the Continent to England, one is astonished, unless one has visited the country before, at the prevalent pre-war atmosphere. It is hard to believe that such conservative people still exist in the world. All the old forms are preserved—the court, the aristocracy, the wigs on the judges, and the Lord Mayor's coach. Things that were abandoned during the War, such as the red coats and the bearskin hats of the Guards, have again appeared. To a foreigner everything seems as it was of old. But an Englishman would say that everything has changed, that nothing is as it used to be. He sees only change, and any change, no matter how small, surprises him much more than it does a man of another nationality.

This explains why it is that England has preserved for many centuries and still preserves to-day a different tempo from the European mainland. Continental development proceeds by leaps and bounds, broken by catastrophes and occasional grave defeats. English progress is slower, more gradual, but likewise more persistent in pursuing its own direction. In the eighteenth century England had long been governed by Parliament and a constitutional monarch, whereas the Continent was ruled by absolute kings. At that time England was far ahead of other nations, but after the French Revolution and Napoleon England was considered reactionary. It did not leap ahead with the rest of the world. This did not, however, prevent it from

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becoming, between 1850 and 1860, the chief industrial nation and securing a lead that the Continent was not able to overcome for a generation. In 1914 England represented the most progressive, and Russia the most backward and reactionary country in Europe. Germany stood halfway between the two—a modern industrial state with a partially absolute system of government. And to-day England is again reactionary, old-fashioned.

I am no prophet, but I do not need to be one to point out that these observations are superficial and inverted and that everything will look different a few years hence. England is changing gradually, but the direction of its change is always the same. England never retraces its way. That is its unique quality. In 1918 most European states leaped forward into modernity and seemed to be leaving England far behind. But where does the Continent stand to-day? What is the condition of Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, Germany, Rumania? Are they really more progressive and more modern than England, or have they moved backward?

This is not a political article nor am I a politician. Nevertheless, it is stupid to consider the literature of a country as something apart from the other spiritual and material phenomena that determine an epoch. Literature is but one of many expressions of the contemporary scene. It may conform to political tendencies or run counter to them, but it is never independent of them. England's literary development corresponds to its political development. It has undergone a gradual, steady, and progressive change. In 1918 a new epoch dawned in Germany which was characterized in the literary field by expressionism. Everything else was relegated to the junk heap. But where are the expressionists to-day? And what direction have our modern intellectuals taken?

In England the year 1918 marked the end of the War, not a revolutionary change in literature, and for the best of reasons. England stood before the War where Germany stood after it, by which I mean that the leading writers of the English pre-war generation were 'activists' striving for social and political ends. They were reformers fighting against the conventions of the day. And this applies equally to Socialists, like Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, and to Roman Catholic reactionaries such as G. K. Chesterton. But no spiritual renaissance lay in this direction. It lay much more in a reaction against any preaching tendency. People had become skeptical of the redeemers of humanity. The Russians were exerting a great influence, later, to be sure, than they had in Germany, yet no English school of Slavic fatalism developed; for the English have humor and always look upon the world as a mixture of tragedy and comedy.

Just after the War *South Wind* by Norman Douglas appeared, a book that exerted a great influence on many young writers. It was a very witty and very superficial description of a social group devoid of morality or moral earnestness, each member of which lived as he pleased, not even taking murder seriously. Judged on appearances it was a thoroughly anarchistic and destructive book, but Douglas is the father of the movement to which most modern British writers belong, a movement that includes such post-war novelists as Aldous Huxley, David

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Garnett, and William Gerhardi. Different as they may be in certain respects, these men have the same view of the world. They are all convinced of the utter meaninglessness of everything that happens and the attitude they take is one of grim humor.

But, remote as they are from the social reformers, they have continued in a certain sense the same struggle against conventionality. The difference is that they are fighting different conventions with different methods. They are not out against society. They accept its overturn as already accomplished and confine themselves to description. They do not run against moral conventions. They simply portray a world that has lost all morality. They do not try to reform people because, being influenced by the Russians, they do not believe themselves responsible for their fellow men. The preceding generation opened a breach in the secure fortress of Victorian society and ideas—Galsworthy was the man who described its gradual collapse—and now this one is making arabesques of the ruins. The older generation had a gospel to preach; this one believes only in the death of all gospels.

FOR almost nothing is left of Victorian England. Appearances deceive: it is only the old forms that abide. What they contain has changed completely and the fact that this process occurs within the old forms is typical of the country. It is the peculiarly British compromise between the demands of progress and tradition. For England remains an aristocratic country, whereas in Germany the nobility was supposedly overthrown in 1918.

But in the Germany of 1931 the Junkers are just what they were in 1914, whereas in England nearly all the aristocrats are at work and busy. Immense income taxes and still higher inheritance taxes have gradually changed their position and reduced their privileges. The basis of the ruling class is gradually extending. The aristocracy is becoming democratic so rapidly that it resembles the aristocracy of fifty years ago in name only. English nobles were never beheaded, for the simple reason that their heads were always ready to make the necessary compromises. Thus some aristocrats now occupy leading positions in the Labor Party, although before the War they looked on Laborites with contempt. Larger and larger groups are pushing upward from below and the upper classes are gradually being forced to share more of their privileges.

A new order of society will never be definitely proclaimed, yet the old order is constantly being made over into a new one. Form remains, content changes. England has a king, a House of Lords, and an aristocracy, as it has had since the time of the Norman Conquest, but these institutions no longer resemble what they sprang from. By keeping certain forms intact, the British have prevented any immense upheaval from taking place.

The development of literature has followed the same lines. No new schools came into being after the World War because nothing so conscious and theoretical has ever existed in England. But there were certain significant men around whose banners a whole epoch has rallied. Before the War there was no such thing as naturalism or activism in England, but

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there was Bernard Shaw. After the War there was no expressionism or *surréalisme*, but there was James Joyce, and, whether one considers James Joyce one of the greatest living geniuses or a fool, he is certainly one of the most radical writers now living. He has expressed every one of his thoughts down to the last fibre. He ruthlessly proclaims everything that used to remain unspoken. He is the most revolutionary transformer of the novel. If salvation lies in modernity, in what has never before existed, then the radicals of Germany, Russia, and America are mere shy, shamefaced beginners compared to Joyce; and if one draws a line through Dickens, Galsworthy, and Joyce, it coincides with the line of English evolution, for both have avoided revolution.

It is a typically English paradox that Joyce is but little read in England, where his *Ulysses* is suppressed, but his disciples have enjoyed immense popular success. During recent years a great quantity of outspoken books has appeared in spite of the censor, who generally misses the point anyway. No forbidden theme remained untouched. But what is more important is that these books are written by real radicals—that is, by men whose souls are free. I have in mind books like Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, Robert Graves's *Good-bye to All That* and *The Innocent Voyage*, that bold satire by Richard Hughes. If any modern English writers are weighed down with conventions, they carry these conventions in themselves.

England, as I have already said, follows a different tempo of development from Germany; a tempo perhaps nearer to that of France. In Germany when a new doctrine, either literary or political, appears, it is always greeted with enthusiasm in certain circles. It is good because it is new, or it is bad for the same reason. But it is good only as long as it is new and it soon must give way to something else. In England progressives appear, encounter resistance, and gradually prevail, but not until others have followed in their footsteps. Tradition remains. A whole generation must pass before it is clear that the entire country has moved forward.

The War and post-War period brought no revolution to England and no revolutionary novelist. They merely hastened the speed of gradual evolution, which continues unceasingly in every field of life—in the organization of society, in economics, in the Empire, and in changes of moral and religious ideas as much as in schools of architecture, art, and literature. Evolutionary progress in England is slow, steady, irresistible. The conservative powers are strong and repressive. Yet a reaction, in the sense of a return to the past, is something for which one searches English history in vain.

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An interview with one of England's foremost scientists leads Robert Lynd to speculate on the uses of publicity, ancient and modern. Here are good sense and good cheer, happily blended.

Scientists *and* Common Sense

A British Disputation

Interviewing Eddington

By J. W. N. Sullivan

From the *Observer*, London Independent Sunday Paper

SIR A. S. EDDINGTON was disposed to think that his adoption of a scientific career was partially due to the fact that the way opened naturally. 'If I had had difficulties to overcome I am not sure that I would have done so,' he said with a little smile. 'My inner incentive? Well, I suppose that, as a youth, my chief incentive was curiosity. I was curious about the actual workings of nature. I believe that is usually the chief motive with young scientific men. But as I get older I find I am more attracted by the æsthetic aspect of science.'

'Do you agree with Einstein's remark that modern scientific speculations spring from a profound religious impulse?'

'I'm afraid I cannot throw much light on that remark,' he said slowly. 'The antimaterialistic attitude of religion would certainly be of advantage in modern science. It would help a man to see certain possibilities, to entertain certain speculations, which the old materialists, who regarded the universe as composed of little billiard balls, would have difficulty in grasping.'

'Einstein, I believe, professes a strict determinism. He believes that everything is predestined. Do you regard that as incompatible with his religious outlook?'

'No. But I do not agree with determinism. It seems to me contrary both to our intuitions and to scientific evidence. Everybody, in practice, has

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an intuition of free will. We find it difficult to believe that all our future actions are, as it were, already written down. And in the latest theories of matter we have had to introduce a principle of indeterminacy. An electron does not seem to obey strictly determinate laws. We cannot predict exactly what it will do. And this does not seem to me to be a temporary difficulty due to our imperfect technique, but a revelation of an inherent characteristic of the universe. Of course, scientific determinism *may* come back. We cannot prove that it will not. But I see no reason to assume that it will.'

'What do you consider to be the general humanistic importance of science?'

'Er—could you make your question more precise?'

'Well, some people find the justification of science in its practical applications. The arts are not justified in that way. Do you consider that the true justification of science is something analogous to the justification of the arts?'

'We must first decide what we suppose the human race to be aiming at. I cannot believe that human beings exist simply in order to breed more millions of human beings. The human race must be aiming, in some way, at becoming finer. Science and art are justified to the extent to which they contribute to that aim. Of course, if you are asking for money for scientific research, then stress the practical side of science. But that is not the true justification of science. I believe that science, like art, enables mankind to approach nearer to the realization of the absolute values that alone give an aim and meaning to life.'

'Then you believe in absolute values?'

'I think we all do, in practice.'

'So that a life wholly devoted to science would not seem to you an incomplete life? You do not share the Greek ideal of the perfectly balanced life?'

'I think we want different types of men, and I am not keen on the notion of the perfectly balanced human being. We don't want a race of Isaac Newtons, but I consider that Isaac Newton's life was a good life. And I like saints. I think a man should have other interests, but chiefly because they refresh him and enable him to devote himself to his main preoccupation with greater keenness and power. A life spent in complete devotion to an absolute value is a good life.'

'Then when the human race completely realizes these values it will have reached perfection?'

'I don't think that a static perfection is to be desired. Life must be dynamic. It may be, for example, that the human race is no better now than it was two thousand years ago. But it is different, and that in itself is a good thing. If the human race ever achieved a static perfection, it would be time for it to come to an end, for there would be no possibility of further achievement, and therefore there would be nothing to live for.'

'Do you think that life on this planet is the result of some kind of accident, or do you think it is part of a scheme?'

'I think it quite possible that life, as a physical phenomenon, has come about by accident. I do not find, in

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myself, any bias against the idea that life arises naturally from certain physical aggregates. That may even be demonstrated, some day, experimentally. But consciousness seems to me to be on an entirely different plane. Consciousness is fundamental. It must already be assumed in all discussions about the origin and nature of anything. The material universe itself is an interpretation of certain symbols presented to consciousness. When we speak of the existence of the material universe we are presupposing consciousness. It is meaningless to speak of the existence of anything except as forming part of the web of our consciousness.'

'Yet, according to astronomical and geological theories, there was a past existence of the earth before consciousness appeared on it. Did not the earth then really exist?'

'What do you mean by reality? We use the word in at least two senses, which I have described in my book as "reality" and "reality (loud cheers)." The past reality of the earth is real to me in so far as it is connected to the web of my consciousness. I do not think we understand what we mean by "existence." The notion of past existence, before consciousness appeared, is a very elusive idea. We must remember that the notion of time, as it occurs in science, is a mere abstraction. The notion of time is, I believe, an abstraction from the dynamic nature of consciousness. Consciousness is essentially dynamic, and the "time" of science is a most imperfect representation of this quality.'

'Do you believe that anything of a man, besides his influence and the memories of his friends, survives bodily death?'

'I would really prefer not to discuss that question. I have nothing to say for or against survival from a scientific standpoint.'

'What do you think of the distribution of rewards, fame, money, and so on, in the modern world? Do you think they tend to encourage the finest achievements?'

'I think that publicity is bad for science in some ways and good in others. One wishes to spread scientific knowledge and the scientific spirit as widely as possible, and to satisfy the many among the public who are keenly interested in developments of science. But it is not always a good thing for science itself. There are certain kinds of scientific work, of the greatest importance and value to science itself, which cannot possibly be represented to the public. Such work has no publicity value and the public knows nothing about it. If science is made to depend to any extent on its publicity value, the tendency will be for such work to be neglected. Men will tend to concentrate on the "showy" work in science. That would be a very undesirable state of affairs. I also think that the level of material rewards for scientific work should not be made too high. We do not want them to be so high that they attract men to science merely as a profitable career.'

'But would such men be successful in science?'

'I am referring to able men who are not really keen on science. Such men could very well do sufficient work in science to ensure for themselves a comfortable position. And, having achieved that, they would probably not trouble themselves any further if they were not keen on

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science for its own sake. It would be impossible to get rid of them. And yet they would be keeping out really keen men. A scientific man wants his material circumstances to be reasonably secure, of course. But I do not think he should ask for more.'

'And what about the distribution of rewards in the world outside science? For instance, the newspaper boosting of mediocrities, the sham reputations, and so on. Does that annoy you?'

'I'm afraid that is not my subject,' said the professor, smiling. 'I suppose my reaction to that sort of thing is very much the reaction of any other educated person. I suppose it *is* annoying, in a way. But no, I'm afraid I don't think much about it.'

Annoying, in a Way

By Robert Lynd

From the *New Statesman*, London Radical Weekly

At the end of an extremely interesting interview, reported in the *Observer*, Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan put an unexpected question to Sir Arthur Eddington. They had been talking about the effect of great rewards, whether in fame or in money, on men of science, when Mr. Sullivan asked: 'And what about the distribution of rewards in the world outside science? For instance, the newspaper boosting of mediocrities, the sham reputations, and so on. Does that annoy you?' The question obviously lay further outside the thoughts of the man of science than the farthest star known to the astronomer, and we can read a certain puzzlement in his answer. 'I'm afraid,' he said, 'that is not my subject. I suppose my reaction to that sort of thing is very much the reaction of any other educated person. I suppose it *is* annoying, in a way. But no, I'm afraid I don't think much about it.'

At the same time, the question is one that is worth trying to answer. It is a question that has been perplexing the minds of men ever since an ancient writer announced that he had seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, and it was probably perplexing them before that. Mr. Sullivan, like many contemporary critics, seems to suggest that the 'boosting' of mediocrities is something new and attributable to the newspapers; but there were sham reputations hundreds of years before there were newspapers, and it is doubtful whether it is easier for a mediocrity to get to the top to-day than it was in the days of the Punic Wars. The newspapers reflect a human nature that would still have existed if there had been no newspapers. And one of the permanent characteristics of human nature is its readiness to be deceived by what is second best. The great and good men of the prenewspaper era were treated considerably worse by their fellow men than great and good men are treated to-day. It was not a newspaper-reading age that condemned Socrates to drink hemlock; if Socrates were living to-day, he would be the idol of the press and could obtain any

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sum he pleased for writing on any subject he pleased, from the League of Nations to the ethics of mixed bathing. I do not say that this improvement—if it is an improvement—is due to the newspapers. I wish only to emphasize the fact that the unjust distribution of fame and other rewards is not a modern phenomenon for which the press can be justly blamed.

It is an immemorial injustice. As long ago as the fourth century before Christ, Aristotle was asking himself what was the right attitude for a good man to adopt in regard to the unmerited good fortune of his neighbors. He came to the conclusion that, while it is the mark of a jealous man to feel pained by the good fortune of others, whether deserved or undeserved, a good man may legitimately feel righteous indignation when he sees good fortune attending those who do not deserve it. In other words, he found the unjust distribution of rewards 'annoying, in a way,' just as many men find it in our own time. Hazlitt, always ill rewarded, was conscious of similar feelings of annoyance at the flourishing condition of the green bay tree, and he attempted to justify our envy of those who are luckier than ourselves through no merit of their own. 'Envy,' he declared, 'among other ingredients, has a mixture of the love of justice in it. We are more angry at undeserved than at deserved good fortune.' Hazlitt knew a great deal about human nature, but I think that on this occasion he was too kind to it. It is true that we enjoy expressing our envy of others considerably more if we can persuade ourselves that their good fortune is undeserved. But, as soon as we feel envious, we can easily persuade ourselves of this. Envy has so little of the love of justice in it that it is the most unjust of all the passions. It can persuade us that a good man is a hypocrite and a man of genius an impostor. In such circumstances, it is much better to realize that we are envious than to pretend to ourselves that we are glowing with righteous indignation.

RIGHTEOUS indignation, indeed, should be reserved for rare occasions. The mere possession of fame or money by someone who does not deserve it is too trivial a matter for the exercise of this disinterested passion. If, however, the possession of fame or fortune makes a mediocrity a source of general danger—gives him power (which he will misuse) to mislead the judgments of men in religion or politics or any other sphere—then comes the righteously indignant man's chance, and to call his indignation envy would be a mark of worse than envy. If such an evangelist as Elmer Gantry really existed, for example, it would scarcely be possible to feel too much righteous indignation. But the objection of our indignation would not be his fame or fortune. It would be the misuse of his power over the minds of men and women, his blackguardism and his corruption. In the same way, we should begin to feel righteous indignation toward a man who had undeservedly become rich only if he misused his riches in such a way as to injure the lives of other people. We certainly feel no righteous indignation when we hear that a man has won the Calcutta Sweep, though this is a piece of undeserved good fortune, but we should do so if we heard that he

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was using the money to finance a gang of dope sellers.

Thus, fame and good fortune, however undeserved, can never in themselves be the object of righteous indignation. The Socialist may feel indignant at a state of society that distributes its rewards so unequally, but it would be unreasonable to bring righteous indignation to bear on an individual member of such a society who had grown rich as the result of a lucky speculation. As for the fame, or notoriety, of mediocrities, why should we fret our hearts about it? Fame and money are desirable things, but, according to the philosophers, enough of them is as good as too much, and the man who is able to pay his bills will only make himself miserable if he keeps comparing his lot with that of others who are still more fortunate. It is a commonplace that the poor man who feels no envy is happier than the rich man who envies the richer man. We all know this, yet envy remains the plague of the world. It has even been elevated into a principle in politics, and idealism itself at times becomes infected with it. Sometimes it is called the inferiority complex. The chief result of it is to make life still more unbearable to those who are afflicted with it.

Hence, it seems to me more sensible not to be overmuch perturbed about the triumph of mediocrity. After all, the ordinary mediocrity, however he may be 'boosted,' does comparatively little harm. The really dangerous men are those men of genius who teach false doctrine. And, who these men of genius are, none of us can tell for certain. Some people regard the opinions of Dean Inge as poisonous; others say the same of the opinions of Mr. Bertrand Russell. I have heard Mr. Shaw, Mr. Belloc, and D. H. Lawrence all assailed on different occasions as misleaders of the people. I have my own opinion as to which of them, if any, has got hold of the truth, and I regard some of them, if not all, as being far more dangerous to society than any mediocrities with sham reputations. But even here there is no opening for righteous indignation, since each of them is an honest and public-spirited writer, who, from the point of view of an impartial spectator, is just as likely to be right as I, who am not even sure that I am right. If there has ever been anything to worry about in any age, it has not been the existence of the man of genius with the wrong opinions but the nonexistence of the still more energetic man of genius with the right ones.

I do not wish to suggest that the man with a sham reputation should not be exposed when the occasion for this arrives. Let us expose all the impostors on earth if we can, but, as a rule, this can be done without a display of moral fury. Let us cheerfully recognize the fact that, if we destroy one sham reputation, it will be succeeded by another—all of which is annoying, in a way, but not too annoying to be cheerfully endured. We have seen scores of sham reputations appearing and disappearing in our own generation. And meanwhile, I am prepared to admit, the world has in many respects grown worse. But who has made it so? The men with sham reputations? I doubt it. I am not absolutely sure, but I suspect that the clever men, the men with real and well-earned reputations, will be discovered by posterity to have been the villains of the piece.

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BOOKS ABROAD

AN AMBASSADOR OF PEACE. *Lord D'Abernon's Diary. Vol. III. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1930. 21s.*

(From the *Observer*, London)

LORD D'ABERNON quitted the Embassy in Berlin in October 1926, and could feel that the years he had spent there had been no more vain than they were idle. He left Germany in a different state of body and mind from that in which he had found her. Few men could have done more in Lord D'Abernon's position to further that progress, and these pages make the reason abundantly clear. He has the temperament which welcomes seeds of promise and enjoys nursing them into actuality. 'The German,' he says, 'is partly what you make him.' He has certainly found no reason to regret the confidence and consideration which he extended to German statesmen. On the basis of a close and prolonged experience, he is able to write: 'I regard the Germans as more reliable and more bound by written engagements than many other nations.'

The outlook was unpromising enough at the date when the present volume opens, the German currency having gone to perdition, the Ruhr sullenly bearing a French occupation, and the psychology of war still dominating important minds in Europe. Three stages mark the process of recovery—the Dawes settlement, the Locarno Pact, and the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations. Locarno, as the diarist holds, was the real turning point, and there is much significance in the story of how the original German overture, which came to such a resounding issue, was met with cold suspicion and discouragement in the British Foreign Office. Its reception might have been even worse in Paris had not M. Herriot (to whom Lord D'Abernon gives full credit) maintained a secrecy unusual in that capital until the negotiation had got too strong a hold to be shaken by mischief-making sensation. But it is worth remembering that Locarno was a German conception, and it was the greatest achievement of a German politician whose pursuit of peace and reconciliation was beset with many obstacles, yet never faltered. It is a fascinating study which Lord D'Abernon offers of Stresemann. Versatile and expansive in his interests, militarist in his origins and opportunist in his methods, he might sometimes offer the external appearance of a mere political plunger. But in retrospect the clearness of his vision and the consistency of his aim are more than vindicated, and the future will indorse the verdict that 'Germany has never had a wiser or a more courageous adviser.'

The ambassador in Berlin was not insensible of the fact that, in guaranteeing other people's security, England was getting no additional guarantees for herself. His diary records some mental deliberation as to whether the Channel (and the air above it) ought not to have been given the same inviolability as the Rhineland.

Owing to the moderate and sensible attitude of England toward Germany, and owing still more to the Poincaré hostility against Ger-

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many, we enjoy to-day a position here which we shall not permanently maintain . . . We ought to look facts fully in the face, and not shirk the consideration of disagreeable possibilities.

The forces behind the Continental bloc idea are very considerable. As I have often stated, the general trend of Jewish opinion on the Continent and in Germany in particular is hostile to the British Empire, and the Jewish press is a considerable factor in the formation of public opinion.

It may also be said broadly that literary and scientific circles in Germany are rather anti-English, and artistic circles are definitely pro-French. The only body of opinion upon whose sympathy we can count is the sporting fraternity, but they are not in touch with the intelligentzia, nor do they command press influence which renders touch with the intelligentzia superfluous.

On another point of national interest Lord D'Abernon holds very decided opinions:—

I am more than ever convinced that if free trade is the right ideal, its failure to convince the world is largely due to bad negotiation. We in England appear to have missed completely the essential point that, as the largest buyers, we have immense world influence; by neglecting to use our influence in negotiation, we have allowed tariffs throughout the world to grow continuously. If we had been less austere in avoiding all resort to retaliation or to menace of retaliation, trade relations between different countries of the world would be far better to-day than they actually are.

In negotiating the Commercial Treaty with Germany, Lord D'Abernon pointed out that the benefits of 'most-favored nation' treatment are largely illusory, since the concessions of which it gives us a share apply to the specialties of other countries, of which we are not usually makers or exporters.

Many personalities are thumbnailed in the diary, and the impress of their vitality is always clear and strong. The present Prime Minister figures as 'extraordinarily intelligent,' 'rather sly,' careful for the secondary effects of his actions, and 'too much inclined toward self-pity.' Sir Austen Chamberlain seems to be as industrious as Lord Curzon: 'It is not only rare that a minister reads dispatches and telegrams with such care, but it is almost alarming that so much has been noted and remembered.' Mr. Hughes, the American Secretary of State, came to Europe in 1924, and in the course of a talk with M. Poincaré 'employed urbane but trenchant language on the subject of the Ruhr invasion and the Anglo-French asperities that had followed it, pointing out that British security could not be a matter of indifference to the United States, since Great Britain was America's best and most honorable debtor.'

There is no page that has not its interest, but we may wind up with Lord D'Abernon's impression of the League of Nations: 'The more I hear of what goes on at Geneva, the more inclined I am to believe that French influence and Catholic influence there are the dominant forces. England only gets her way when public opinion at home awakes to the danger and returns a dogged no.'

WENN WIR 1918. *By Walter Müller. Berlin: Malik Verlag. 1930.*

(Alfons Goldschmidt in the *Weltbühne*, Berlin)

WALTER MÜLLER, a comparatively unknown author, has just had published 'A Political Utopia' of what might have taken place 'Had We in 1918. . . .' 'We' is the German working class and its bellicose leaders. If the German proletariat had conquered in 1918, what would have happened?

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The book is composed of articles and proclamations supposedly published, beginning November 9, 1918, in an imaginary *Vorwärts*, the central organ of the Social Democratic Party. Who among us has not often imagined the same things imagined here by Walter Müller?—who, by the way, must be a member of the Social Democratic Party. A most exceptional member, indeed, and after reading this book we may well ask him how much longer he intends to remain one. For the book is a single magnificent denunciation of the mistakes and failures that have brought about our present frightful situation.

Yes, what would have happened if, as Walter Müller dreams, the day of reckoning had come in November 1918, if Germany had allied herself with Soviet Russia, if the revolutionary struggle had commenced? If, as the fictitious *Vorwärts* of November 29, 1918 announces, Lenin had addressed the German proletariat in Berlin, if the League of Soviet Republics had been formed, if everywhere in Europe, Asia, and the entire world the workers had joined and gone over to that mighty movement, coming from Russia and Germany, which was shaking the earth? If there had emerged a unified, boundless proletarian world, harassed by only a few foes, and embracing practically the whole world?

The author proceeds from the struggle for political power to the construction of a Socialist system. He develops an economic plan in which even the capitalist countries become involved. This plan includes everything a Socialist might desire. Nothing is omitted—neither the correlation of agriculture and industry, nor the uniform industrialization of agriculture, nor the economic education of the millions of workers, nor the voluntary, well controlled exchange of agricultural produce and manufactures, nor the elimination of money. Even the crises from which such a movement must naturally suffer are included—the same crises, expanded to world size, from which the economic structure of the Soviet Union is now suffering. It is the application of the example of Russia to the whole world.

A *Vorwärts* which really looks forward and not back announces, explains, and analyzes, with every possible variation, how the colonial countries are freed and then equipped with machinery and labor, and how emigration, ocean trade, and world-wide economic coöperation are organized. Increasing economic production causes a decline in interest rates, which finally drop to zero, and all this productivity stimulates immense competition against what private business remains, especially against the capitalist economy of the United States. Insolvent, restricted, and purposeless, they must fall. No capital, though it be bristling with weapons, can withstand the power of absorption this growing force exerts.

It is possible to disagree over the thesis and particulars of this novel, which is the first scientific attempt to fashion a Socialist future, with all the color of a work of fiction. It is a textbook, complex, provocative, exact. Perhaps the future will be otherwise, but it might be thus. 'In 1918 most of organized labor followed the reformist watchword of unity. We unfortunately contented ourselves with expressing our dislike of the politics of Ebert and Scheidemann, Wels and

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Wissell in resolutions of protest—which were thrown into waste-paper baskets. Our leaders did not ask what we wanted. They misused the power that we had too trustingly confided to them. . . . A glimpse of the lost opportunities of 1918 will help us to realize the revolutionary possibilities that again exist to-day.'

SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT. *Selected maxims of René Quinton. Translated, with an Introduction, by Douglas Jerrold. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1930. 5s.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

RENÉ QUINTON, who died in 1925, was a French biologist who took a distinguished part in the War. When war broke out he was already in his forty-eighth year; and though an officer of the reserve, no longer liable for active service, he volunteered and served continuously with the artillery. He was wounded eight times, received high Belgian, British, and American decorations, as well as the French *Croix de Guerre*, and was appointed successively Officer and Commander of the Legion of Honor. After the War Quinton returned to his scientific work, and only in 1924 began to put together the maxims which are now published. He did not live to see the publication of the French edition.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold, whose introduction occupies a third of the present volume, has rearranged the maxims and has thought it necessary to present them as a coherent philosophy of war. Maxims are a very elusive type of literature, and the maxim writer is always more concerned for the truth of each particular observation than for their consistency one with another. Many of these maxims are direct observations from experience and strike one immediately as acute. The distinction between bravery and heroism, for example: 'The brave man gives his life when it is asked of him; the hero offers it.' 'The hero is a mystic and perhaps it takes a hero to understand him.' 'Courage comes from the exact computation of probabilities.' 'Bravery is an intellectual rather than a moral quality.' 'There is no discipline in the firing line; there is mutual consent. Discipline begins behind the line.' In such maxims the soldier is speaking; but in the majority of them it is an elderly biologist. Mr. Jerrold says:—

> The keystone of Quinton's thesis is the doctrine that the end of life, for the male, is something beyond life, and that until this instinct to serve the race, or, more widely, the universal purpose behind life, is dominant, man is not truly masculine, not truly mature. Pacifism and Malthusianism alike are regarded as definitely unnatural, an attempt to defy, with results ultimately disastrous, the fundamental biological instincts of the female and the male.

And again:—

> An idea for which a man is not prepared to die is not an idea sufficiently dynamic to stimulate the instinct to serve; and it is on the stimulation of this instinct, on its predominance over all else that, as a matter of mere biological necessity, the health of the race depends. For it is only in serving that the male can attain moral dignity, without which the race must deteriorate and ultimately decay.

This doctrine is based on a fallacy common to the romantic biologist of the last century. We might describe it as an aspect of the pathetic fallacy; it is the personification of a force which the biologist calls Nature. 'It is the intention of Nature,' reads Quinton's first maxim, 'that man

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should die in his prime.' 'Nature creates species, she does not create individuals,' runs the second. And so on, throughout the whole book, we have this unconscious assumption; and if the reader does not care to accept it, the philosophy of war based on it falls to the ground.

There are two schools of thought among the opponents of war. One is humanitarian, maintaining the dignity and sanctity of life, regarding war as a barbaric survival; the object of life, one must suppose, is more life, and a better life. These are the pacifists proper; and their doctrine rests on practically the same assumption as René Quinton's—a conception of man as part of a purposive life force. Another doctrine, which Mr. Jerrold confuses with this, has no such sentimental bias. Life may be purposive or not; that is beside the point. But life cannot be reduced to a single concept. There are different kinds of life—mineral, vegetable, animal, and human. Human life is distinguished by the possession of unique faculties which we commonly call reason. Reason involves a difference not of degree only but of kind; so that no proposition that is true for the life of instinct is necessarily true for the life of reason. But reason, not being prejudiced, can admit the insecurity of its tenure; it is at the mercy of the ineradicable passions which we inherit with our animal frame. It must therefore defend itself, and in that defense it must be willing to sacrifice life. The rational opponent of war, it follows, is not a pacifist, for he believes that there are ideals for which in the last resort he must wage war. He will even fight against his own instincts, above all against the instinct to fight. He knows that that instinct is a mark of decadence, for wars mean economic waste, racial debility, and intellectual poverty. Mr. Jerrold seems to accept Spengler's theory of history, and no doubt some such fatalism is necessary if you are to justify war. But it would be possible to hold that civilizations perished from too much war rather than from too much reason; and a modern philosopher of reason, George Santayana, in the course of a passage in his book, *Reason in Society*, a passage that supplies the complete answer to the advocates of war, remarks:—

> Internecine war, foreign and civil, brought about the greatest setback which the life of reason has ever suffered; it exterminated the Greek and Italian aristocracies. Instead of being descended from heroes, modern nations are descended from slaves; and it is not their bodies only that show it. After a long peace, if the conditions of life are propitious, we observe a people's energies bursting their barriers; they become aggressive on the strength they have stored up in their remote and unchecked development. It is the unmutilated race, fresh from the struggle with nature (in which the best survive, while in war it is often the best that perish), that descends victoriously into the arena of nations and conquers disciplined armies at the first blow, becomes the military aristocracy of the next epoch and is itself ultimately sapped and decimated by luxury and battle, and merged at last into the ignoble conglomerate beneath. Then, perhaps, in some other virgin country a genuine humanity is again found, capable of victory because unbled by war. To call war the soil of courage and virtue is like calling debauchery the soil of love.

This conception of war is true to the recorded historical facts and not dependent on any fanciful apotheosis of the life force. It also emphasizes the fact that it is not necessary to be military to be masculine. All the virtues that are necessary for the preservation of a civilization can be

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secured by self-denial and asceticism, and by the struggle to dominate those forms of life which are less than rational. The life of reason is itself a sufficient safeguard against decadence.

Another curious confusion arises out of Mr. Jerrold's misunderstanding of the rationalist's position. He says, in effect, that the rationalist cannot believe in any absolute values because the only effective way of believing in such values is to establish them by force. The rationalist may well believe in such values and agree that such a belief energizes states, races, and institutions. But where he cannot follow Mr. Jerrold is in believing that absolute values are the prerogative of any one race. If the word 'absolute' has any meaning in conjunction with value, it implies a quality that is universal. It is irrational, therefore, that nation should fight against nation for the establishment of universal values. They should rather coöperate to determine these values and seek together to establish them. The only reasonable wars are crusades.

It is all the more curious that this book should defend war because both the author and his introducer are evidently Roman Catholics, and their advocacy of international wars would naturally seem to conflict with a belief in one universal Church. When we read a maxim like 'Pacifism is the brother of Malthusianism' we begin to discern the obscure workings of this logic. War is inevitable because it is the Catholic's only alternative to birth control. That, at any rate, is the practical side of the doctrine. That it has a more mystical side is evident from some of the maxims already quoted, and the final maxim in the book, inspired by *The Imitation of Christ*, expresses perfectly that gloomy fatalism which has often been the refuge of the purgatorial conscience:—

> There is no satisfaction of the soul save in misfortune. It is not enough to accept suffering, you must love it. If the gods have given you a soul, you will only be able to employ it apart from the world, and sorrow is the way of solitude. Shun those hearts which understand you, for they will enchain you; bless those who reject you and those by whom you are forgotten.

In such gloomy antagonism is this defense of war grounded. Christianity and reason, however, teach us to seek a life of felicity and peace.

JOB. *By Josef Roth. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1930.*

(Stefan Zweig in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

THE SURPRISING and moving quality in Josef Roth's new novel is its great and restrained simplicity. His earlier books, *Right and Left* and *Flight without End*, placed him in the front rank of the younger German novelists. These books were remarkable for their unusually lucid treatment of political and social life and for a pleasing emotional sensitivity. They shed much light on the period of which they told, but they lacked ultimate unity; they were, in a narrow sense, fragmentary. They questioned the age; they inquisitively attacked all problems, dissecting them, sucking up their flavor, without, however, absorbing their essence in a truly artistic fashion. They picked things up, then let them drop; they went forward, then drew back again. They were provocative and had a charm at once spiritual and sensuous, but they attracted without satisfying, they provoked admiration without love,

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and—since I felt Josef Roth to be a powerful artist and a genuine man—I hoped most fervently that one day he would express himself in a wholly spiritual work.

He has now done that most amazingly in *Job*, in which he tells the simplest of all tales in a seemingly simple but really most skillful fashion. Here are no popular topics of the day—war, education, politics, forced realism—but a tale which holds good for any age and which is clear to anyone who understands with his heart—a simple, true tale that might happen to-day or to-morrow or the next day to you or me or any of us. It is occurring all the time next door and just around the corner. Man exerts himself and performs his daily labor without any great to-do or enthusiasm. He is not so good as he might be, but then he is not so bad as he might be. He is neither impious nor excessively devout. He is just like the rest of the world. And then a blow from above suddenly falls on him. It may happen to me, to you, to the neighbor on the corner, to my friend, to my enemy. Overnight misfortune dispatches its merciless messengers, sickness, death, and poverty. A hitherto indifferent fate flings itself with sudden malice on one who is no more innocent and no more guilty than the next man. Every day that is happening on some floor of every house, and always the man thus singled out reels from the blow, clenches his fists, and cries out: 'Why me? What have I done, that it should go so hard with me? Why not some one else, why not my neighbor, my friend, my enemy, why me among all others?'

For two thousand years this cry has been ringing out, the cry of Everyman, the wild, accusing protest of the plain, simple, average man who is suddenly struck overnight with misfortune. Job was the first of whom we know, and he lived in the land of Uz. He was a rich man, pious and God-fearing, but neither more rich nor more pious than other men, yet God singled him out to contend with the Devil. His back was chosen to bear the brunt of the fearsome wager. Misfortune rained down upon him, blow after blow, without his knowing why. Then Job arose and pleaded with God, a single, average man resisting his destiny, and his accusing voice has resounded through twenty centuries. And every generation this is repeated a thousand and a million times over.

This story of the eternal Job Josef Roth has told once again. His Job does not live in the land of Uz, but in Russia; he does not possess cattle and sheep and land, nor any of the riches of the earth; he is only a humble Jewish schoolteacher, 'pious, God-fearing, just an ordinary, everyday Jew.' He is not very fortunate, nor very unfortunate; he is pious, but not fanatically so. He has not much money, but he feels he has enough; he cannot enjoy any of the luxuries of life, but now and then his wife saves up a ruble and hides it beneath the floor of their one room. He loves his wife, but not excessively; he has children who turn out well, but not too well—everything that happens to him is customary, average, insignificant.

Then the bony finger of Fate knocks once on the door, and a child is born to him who does not learn to speak and is backward in growth and behavior. And his daughter, a passionate and beautiful girl of barely marriageable age, goes out secretly with

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Cossacks. That is the first blow of Fate, and the old man's heart is torn with anguish. But Fate returns again. One of his sons succeeds in taking the family to America. The young man has a business there that gets better and better, until he is finally earning $15,000 a year. For the first time the family of the humble schoolteacher from Zuchnov enjoys comfort, even wealth. Then the old man is happy again, but not too happy, for his heart remains modest. He did not become despondent in adversity, and now he does not become proud and overbearing in prosperity. He does not move, like the others, to the wealthy part of the city, but remains in a little room on a narrow street in the Jewish quarter of New York, and he does not neglect his prayers. He is an average man who has not the courage to be successful, yet has strength enough to be content with his humble, average life and to thank God for it.

There is a symbolic simplicity to this chronicle of an ephemeral existence, this biography of an average man which arouses our interest and sympathy. But now the epic takes on sublime proportions as, like a robber from a wood, Fate stalks with her bludgeon through the streets of New York and, from the countless rooms of the gigantic city, picks out the one occupied by the silent, modest old man, and tears his heart from his living body. The World War breaks loose; one son falls in Russia and another in the American Expeditionary Force; his wife dies, his daughter loses her mind, and no news comes from the sick child that they had had to leave behind with strangers in Russia. Fate inflicts blow after blow on this innocent man. Overnight he is left alone in a city of strangers, his whole life, which he erected inch by inch for sixty years, torn down and destroyed. Staggering from grief, the old man must cry out his sorrows in accusation. And since he knows no one who is responsible, he cries out against Him who is responsible for everything, against God.

Just as in the land of Uz Job once raised his ulcerated arms against the Almighty, so in a back room in the Jewish quarter of New York the little Russian schoolteacher, Mendel Singer, closes his heart against a cruel Deity. He will burn his prayerbook, and the most frightful curses flow from his trembling old lips. Here Roth follows the Biblical scene exactly: horrified, the friends of the blasphemer stand about and seek to restrain him, but he casts aside their objections and they counsel him in vain to hope for a miracle. No, he cries, miracles no longer occur. But a miracle does occur. The missing sick son comes suddenly to America, healthy and talented, and carries his aged father back to his native land. As in Job's case, the dried old stalk grows green again and the chords of Fate again ring out in tender, soul-stirring harmony.

Many people should be gripped by the spiritual strength with which Josef Roth has molded this dénouement, but only experts will understand the concealed skill with which the work is fashioned, for its simplicity and deep tenderness are stronger and more majestic than any conscious complexity or cunning could have been. Everything incidental has been omitted from this seemingly incidental story, in order to leave more room for the one overwhelming theme.

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No arabesques mar its decided yet nowhere harsh lines, which seem to be inspired by William Blake's drawings for his *Book of Job;* no pathos spoils its transparently clear language, which is as natural as a folk song and is ever pliant to the will of its creator. One does not read this book; one lives through it. Nor is one ashamed to be once again sentimentally moved by a genuine work of art.

NEW CAUTIONARY TALES. *By Hilaire Belloc. Pictures by N. Bentley. London: Gerald Duckworth & Co. 1930. 5s.*

MORE RUTHLESS RHYMES. *By Harry Graham. Illustrated by Ridgewell. London: Edward Arnold & Co. 1930. 3s. 6d.*

(Clennell Wilkinson in the *Week-end Review*, London)

IN THE FIRST book of *Cautionary Tales for Children* there was a girl called Matilda, who told lies and was burned to death. The evil expression on her little face was something not easily forgotten, and the story of her shocking fate harrowed the soul. Her opposite number in the *New Cautionary Tales*—for one has to get some kind of standard of comparison, and what can the *Cautionary Tales* be compared with except each other?—appears to be the young Maria, who 'made faces and a deplorable marriage.' Maria's were no ordinary grimaces, but the sort in which 'nose and mouth and all were screwed into a kind of ball.' And then one morning, precisely as her nurse had warned her, the wretched child was 'struck like that.'

> Her features took their final mold
> In shapes that made your blood run cold.

The tragedy of her subsequent career may be imagined:—

> The years advance: Maria grows
> Into a Blooming English Rose—
> With every talent, every grace
> (Save in this trifle of the face).

Suitors congregate, form up in queues; she is rich; her wit is 'pointed, loud, and raw'; she plays all the games she ought to play; and does not hesitate to tell 'the tales that soldiers tell' (incredibly good drawing by Mr. Bentley of military officers laughing at the said tales); but, when it came to the sticking point, there was always the same difficulty that 'people could n't stand her looks.' So she had to marry a neighboring squire, who was fortunately blind, but in every other respect an undesirable match.

> The man was independent, dull,
> Offensive, poor, and masterful.
> It was a very dreadful thing! . . .
> Now let us turn to Sarah Byng.

Sarah Byng refused to learn to read, and consequently 'the young illiterate' went blindly into a field where were notices warning people against the bull. She was tossed head foremost into a thorn hedge, and ever after avoided any fields where notices appeared. She was moreover

> Confirmed in her instinctive guess
> That literature breeds distress.

And Mr. Bentley supplies a sketch of a literary man working in a garret. It is all extraordinarily good fun. There must be something very seriously the matter with anyone who does not laugh aloud at it. It is, indeed, a veritable test of humor. For Mr. Belloc, in this mood, lays about him right and left, so that he can even see the silly side of a Frenchman (which is saying a lot), and there will

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be few readers who do not recognize themselves in one or other of his inimitable caricatures. It is a bold thing to say, but this present reviewer will take his life in his hands and say it—*this is the best book in the whole famous series*. It is better than the earlier *Cautionary Tales*, and it is better by far than *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. It has a reckless ruthlessness in rhyming which is not the least of its charms. It contains many memorable lines—as these, for instance, in the final poem, which discusses 'the various tastes in food' which still unfortunately 'divide the human brotherhood':—

> Birds in their little nests agree
> With Chinamen, but not with me.

In short it is a great book, which no one but a great man could have written—for to play the fool in season is a mark of greatness. It only remains to add that Mr. Bentley's drawings are, if possible, even better than those ingenious works of art with which the earlier volumes of the series were so delightfully decorated by 'B. T. B.'

There is just one other fact that deserves to be recorded about these *Cautionary Tales*. Evidence is accumulating year by year that they are enjoyed by children as heartily as by grown ups. It is a false libel that they are bought by parents, uncles, and aunts only that they may laugh at them themselves. But evidence is also accumulating that they appeal more to little girls than to little boys, and I am not quite sure whether Mr. Belloc will take this as a compliment. He ought to. For little girls are interested in grown ups, and can therefore see the humor of them (and this, after all, is a book making fun of grown ups).

It is a little rough on Mr. Harry Graham (as it would be on almost anyone) to review him in such company. He might appear less facetious, and perhaps a little more 'ruthless,' if he could get away from the shadow of Mr. Belloc's commanding presence. He suffers that partial obliteration which overtook so many eighteenth-century wits in conversation with Dr. Johnson. Yet the truth is that, at his best, he is extremely good. For instance:—

> Sun-bathing on the beach at Dover,
> My wife became dark brown all over.
>
> Upon the esplanade a man
> Mistook her for the Aga Khan.
>
> Another asked her—still more cruel—
> To sing a Negro spiritual.
>
> While on the Pier (where jokes are cheap)
> They called her 'the Calcutta Sweep.'

It sounds easy, but it is n't. And one of the most entertaining of the *Punch* artists has obviously enjoyed illustrating it.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Two Letters from Rathenau

SLIGHTLY over a year ago we translated four unpublished letters by Walter Rathenau, former president of the General Electric Company of Germany, who became foreign minister of his country and was assassinated in Berlin in 1922 shortly after concluding the Rapallo Treaty with Russia. Since that time, more of his correspondence has appeared in print and we present here two letters that have just appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

Grunewald
May 19, 1914

Dear and Honored Herr Germann,—

I thank you warmly for your fond, truthful, and beautiful words and thoughts. I understand and feel the solitude of a heart that has the strength to raise itself up yet is often depressed by the weight of earthly things.

I know that a solitude devoid of human beings is easier to bear than a populated solitude. Not to be understood is harder than not to be heard. Yet we are never so lonely as we believe. There is a secret strength in the counsels of the heart. It is as if these counsels worked their will upon us from a distance. I believe that a high degree of sensitiveness, even if it remains unspoken, can never fail. It makes itself heard in the music of the inner world and reverberates in the heart.

Not quite a year ago I spent a day in Montabaur. I now reflect with pleasure on the view I saw as I walked through those forests in the late summer and presently, from the open plain, observed the city and the mountain on which the city stands. I wish from my heart that at least the free, wide landscape about your dwelling may remain unimpaired.

Yours devotedly,
Walter Rathenau

November 29, 1919

Dear Herr Breisig,—

Thank you for your beautiful and consistent letter. I saw you before me, strong, prudent, and firm, and you gave me pleasure.

But I believe I see a doubt that you perhaps do not yet see and that will come to you one day. Friedrich Wilhelm I is your inspiration. Your Christ is the Christ of the *Domkirche*, the evangelistic Christ. But your nature extends further. *Civis Romanus* is its name.

All this leads backward, yet even now you must realize that the world cannot move backward—and in saying this I am speaking, not of a philosophical attitude, but of practical affairs.

Your reckoning is false. Human labor has not only maintained human life but, in each of the last three generations, it has at least doubled the well-being of the earth, quite apart from the growth in population. With a rational economic system we might have quadrupled that well-being. You should not and will not do any housework, and your son should be still better off. Humanity will not depend any more on the good will of the nobility or its twisted sense of religious duty.

You love the Old Testament and hate—no, don't deny it—us Jews. You are right, for we have not yet fulfilled our mission. Do you know why we came into the world? To call every human being to Mount Sinai. You don't want to go there? But if I do not call to you, Karl Marx will. If Karl Marx does not call to you, Spinoza will; and, if Spinoza does not call to you, Christ will call to you.

Do you want to die for an old world order? You will live for a new world order, and this world order is very simple. The nobility are not responsible for those who are not noble, but Kol Isroel, all

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Israel, is responsible for each and every one of us. And all Israel includes every man who is shaped in the image of God, that is you and your colonel and your orderly and I and all of us.

We Jews have not fulfilled our mission, therefore you are justified in passing sentence on us. We have not trusted to the leadership of Christ because we have seen only the Catholic and the Protestant Christ, not the living Christ. But Christ will lead us on, and leadership by our contemporaries is not necessary. He will not lead us to fulfill our tribal destiny; he will lead us to the house of many mansions which is neither a proletarian barrack nor yet a castle of clouds and air.

It is not a question of fishing out the numberless talents of the proletarian masses nor is it a question of making a trade-union secretary prime minister. All that is beside the point and futile. But out of what you call the mob individuals and children of God will emerge in spite of all the weaknesses and burdens that may be attached to them. Free men, not a brave company of servants and worthy subordinates.

'And shall all this become practically possible?' you ask. 'Such Utopian talk I might expect from some doctor of souls remote from the world, but not from a practical man. It is worse than any rubber-stamp formula.' But it is practical. If Prussia had not aimed at the stars, but at some church spire that could give no direction, it would never have fulfilled its mission as it has.

I greet you and your colonel warmly, and if you come to Berlin give me the pleasure of visiting me. We can then talk theories together. But don't expect any letters during the winter. A free Sunday evening favors the composition of this one.

Yours devotedly,

RATHENAU

We also want to take this opportunity to recommend to our readers Count Harry Kessler's biography of Rathenau, published in this country in English translation by Harcourt, Brace and Company. It deals magnificently with a magnificent subject.

How It Feels to Die

AN ENGLISH physician, Dr. Hugh Lonsdale Hands, who committed suicide to escape from an intolerable burden of debt and threatening insanity, has left behind him an extraordinary journal describing the sensations of death by poisoning. His motives he set forth in the following letter to his wife:—

DEAR SOPHIE,—

It is all over. I am hopelessly in debt. I have tried and tried, but fate is against me. When I am dead it will be better for you. You are not responsible for my debts.

My wishes are: No flowers, no funeral or mourning, because what happens to the body matters not. My corpse is to be offered to a London hospital for ductless-gland research. These are minute glands governing each function and action.

I feel as if my brain were going—except for smoking and cards (no fishing now), which make me forget. I should have done this before. I have been so worried, and have not been able to write my book on modern treatment.

Here I am, with no fear or dread of pneumonia or any septic poisoning, hopelessly in debt, while the G. P. [general practitioners] and specialists make a fortune—with humbug.

What have I gained from all this study and research that I have done? Nothing. The thought of it sends my brain racking. I have been hoping and hoping against hope that some day I might be rewarded. What a hope! I have gambled (not at the club; only poker there) and gambled and got more and more into the mire.

I have come to the end of my tether. I have been told that I should make a will. With what? Is it not terrible? The whole thing is fate. It was and is my fate.

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I have been very moderate. What for? My brain is going. What the future may be I don't know. As regards the club, I had nothing to drink whatsoever.

Good-bye, love,

HUGH

The son of Dr. Hands described seeing his father and mother talking at the door of his father's office at twenty minutes past twelve in the afternoon. A few minutes later, wishing to speak to his father, he tried the door of the office but found it locked and heard groans inside. Summoning assistance, he broke down the door and discovered Dr. Hands dead in an armchair with two hand-written messages near by. The first of these read:—

I have taken half an ounce aconite and one ounce chloral hydrate. Both nice, except tingling.

Waiting. Feeling very happy. First time ever felt without worry, as if free. Heart must be strong. Won't give way.

Don't forget. Read my article; it will save life. I am getting tired.

It is a long time. So slow. Japs are right; death is lovely. I feel fine. No pain.

I have not told my wife everything. I did not want to worry her. I feel sleepy. Pulse still good. Chloral. . . . Feel fit. . . .

Have my vein opened. May find myself alive in the coffin. . . . Terrible thought. . . .

God bless Evelyn [his daughter]. She will get on. Thanks and thanks to Jimmy and Mrs. M. Do look after her.

I await next manifestation. All this can be published.

I believe now in a just God, not in man's laws. Very comfortable.

Half furniture and the piano is Sophie's. Pulse still good.

The second was dated an hour before death set in:—

11.30 A.M.—I feel quite well. I have just given inoculation to a patient. Just getting dazed slightly; quite happy. Feel cheating usurers. Surely I cannot live on. I am comfortable, and feel lovely. Just been sick. Must take prussic. Pulse good.

11.35 A.M.—Have just given inoculation for asthma. Have not passed away. Surely cannot live on. Dosage is rot.

Took no breakfast. Just shows how useless by stomach are all drugs, all gland and other preparations.

Only decent usurer is old 'W.' He is kind to me.

Extraordinary. Pulse running well. Feel fine. When will it all be over? No prussic.

PS.—God seems to be over me. Just leaving for a lovely voyage. But it's slow. First time without worry. Money is nothing; it is not wickedness.

The son added that his father had evidently treated two patients after taking the poison. The coroner reported suicide while of unsound mind.

A FRENCH TOBACCO FÊTE

BECAUSE Jean Nicot, the man who introduced tobacco to France, was born just four hundred years ago, celebrations in his memory have been held in Paris. Senator Albert Lebrun presided over a congress which included speeches by experts describing the history of tobacco as well as several poems in praise of Nicot and his works recited by actors and actresses of the Comédie Française. A public fête was also held in the Place Pigalle, where a nicotine queen was selected after the fashion of an American beauty contest. The man who is being thus honored deserves respect on several grounds. He began life as a lawyer, becoming a diplomat under Henry II, who sent him in 1559 as ambassador to Lisbon, where he made the acquaintance of the weed, then known as '*petun*,' which was later to become identified with his name. In 1560, Nicot sent some roots of this plant to Catherine de' Medici and a year later

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returned to France, retired from diplomacy, and ended his days as a curé.

But the future of tobacco is causing more interest in France than its past. Partly because French women do not smoke and partly because the sellers of tobacco make no efforts to push their wares, the Government, which enjoys a monopoly of this commodity, is worried about declining sales. At present tobacco in France is sold only at government shops whose proprietors are also compelled to carry stamps, but whose chief income is derived from the sale of food and drinks. These proprietors generally have to pay an annual commission to some government nominee—the widow of an army officer or of some civil servant designated by the Government—and since this amount is derived from and determined by the sales of government commodities, the shopkeepers are chiefly interested in disposing of their own wares.

The result is that French tobacco shops are less attractive than those of other countries and the National Confederation of their operators has formed a limited-liability company to raise a public loan to pay for improvements. One wonders, however, whether an up-to-date equipment will really prove so very much more attractive to customers, both native and foreign, who have become accustomed to the present stuffy little affairs with their zinc bars and packages of cigarettes that fall apart in one's pocket.

More German Film Disputes

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG'S suppression of the cinema representation of *All Quiet on the Western Front* drew spectacular attention to how seriously the Germans take their movies. But it is by no means an isolated episode. We have already referred in these columns to the objections raised against an animated cartoon displaying 'Mickey Mouse' as a French infantryman overcoming cats wearing German helmets, and since that time a more serious offensive has been opened on *Hell's Angels* on the ground that it is breeding ill will between England and Germany. This film, produced in the United States at fabulous expense, has been described by E. A. Dupont as 'one of the most anti-German pictures ever made.' As the producer of *Two Worlds*, Herr Dupont not only has established himself as a masterly director, but has also irritated his reactionary compatriots by presenting a Jewish heroine in a favorable light and Austrian officers in an unfavorable one.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer* sums up Herr Dupont's case as follows:—

'What Dupont objects to in *Hell's Angels* is the fact that every German is the caricature of a military type, and that where German is spoken it is a mixture of broken German and English. His argument is that when a film has cost so much, bona-fide Germans should have been engaged to play German parts, as the technical accuracy is so convincing that the average audience will go away in the belief that everything else about *Hell's Angels* is accurate, too. The English censor has cut several of the more offensive details, which, it is presumed, are shown everywhere in America. But since nothing tangible is said against Germany the insidiousness of this propaganda lies in the cleverness with which those who do not know Germany and the Germans in their entirety are sent home with an impression of them which shows, to use Dupont's own words, "no tact and no conscience."'

Marlene Dietrich, who has made a sensation in the United States as the successor to Greta Garbo, is another storm centre. A gentleman who modestly describes himself as 'Marlene Dietrich's husband' has brought suit against some of his wife's friends and rivals who talked openly in a Berlin café, proclaiming that her vampish character was not confined to her work on the screen. Feminists have

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proclaimed that this solicitude is representative of the modern man, who defends the reputation of his absent illustrious wife, describing himself merely as a husband and not as a personality on his own account. Count Keyserling and other critics of America have frequently asserted that such meekness among males is peculiar to the United States and that European men treat their women severely and get the respect they deserve. We can only conclude that the Americanization of Europe proceeds apace.

Stendhal Anticipates Joyce

THAT James Joyce is not the innovator some of his admirers believe him to be is indicated by a recently discovered essay by Stendhal, who expressed, in the following words, the desire to write in very much the same vein that Joyce followed in *Ulysses:*—

People think much faster than they speak. Imagine a man's being able to speak as fast as he thinks, then imagine that this man for a whole day pronounces in such a way as to be understood by one other person everything that he thinks and feels, and that during this same day an invisible stenographer takes down everything that he says. Then imagine that on the following day the stenographer translates all our friend's thoughts and sentiments into everyday speech. We should thus have the most accurate possible description of a character for the length of one day.

Anything that is natural interests us so much that no matter who this man was we should take great pleasure in watching this comedy being enacted. But to represent it on a stage we should always have to cut certain parts, because no stage settings could depict all the places our friend would visit. We might, however, construct a circular theatre like a panorama and have circular scenery like the painting that is hung in such a panorama. Then, if I were playing the part of the protagonist, I should be seen in the morning in my room and be followed thence through all the streets I passed to the Café de la Régence, to my little office, and finally to the room where I am writing. Since the protagonist would be obliged to talk, he would have to skip most of his thoughts and sensations, letting himself develop certain thoughts and sensations in the time that in real life he spent experiencing others.

For a character can never be presented exactly as he really is. If we had the full report of every day a man spent for a whole year, and by a day I mean twenty-four hours, we should soon begin noticing resemblances, though not complete ones, since only by the rarest coincidence do I do exactly the same thing in the same way to-day that I did on some other occasion. Why would one be able to find only partial resemblances? Why would one not find perfect resemblances, in other words, identity, and what would be the cause of the differences? (I try first of all to give an exact description of the character, while the business of choosing what will interest such and such people is the second part of my work.) Resemblances would emerge because the most civilized possible man (the most civilized man is he who knows best how to manipulate variety) is the man I am trying to describe in this article, and the most civilized person of my acquaintance is the charming Marigner, a reader for certain magazines, whose desires are periodic. These periodic desires come to all men who want things that only death can deprive them of. It seems to me that, the richer and more civilized a man is, the more his needs increase.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

A Keyserling Symposium

JUST BEFORE Count Keyserling delivered one of his lectures in Berlin, Ernst Jäckh, leader and founder of the School for Politics in that city, interrogated the Seer of Darmstadt on the subject of the United States. Here is what was revealed to him:—

Jäckh: As a result of my American experience, I have come to express the historical relationship between Europe and America in the following formula: Europe has always known the realizable, but America is the first to realize the known. This holds true in the fields of technique, politics, economics, and world organization. What do you say to that?

Keyserling: I should express the same thing in somewhat different terms: America's point of insertion in history is a later one than ours. Its real history began only with the creative ideas of the eighteenth century. Thus it was able to carry those ideas to a purer and loftier stage of development. But, on the other hand, the American structure lacks those sources of strength that were functioning in Europe before the eighteenth century and that still correspond to what is deepest, best, and even most modern in the world that is not America. Moreover, America is continuing to follow a different line of development from Europe, so that an objective comparison between the two is constantly becoming more difficult.

Jäckh: Is this, in the last analysis, the meaning of the present American crisis? Is it only an economic crisis, or does it go deeper than that: is it spiritual as well as social?

Keyserling: That is what I think. The real history of the United States began with the World War, which posterity will eventually consider more as a North American than as a European occurrence. In Europe it signified one crisis among others, and it did not cause a period of instability in our development. In America it aroused a national consciousness that, in contrast to the European, is specifically American, and that is irresistibly leading the country into a historical position comparable to that of modern Russia and ancient China, but no longer similar to that of Europe. The severity of the present crisis is only the logical continuation of the first and greater one. Ever increasing evidence on both sides of the Atlantic convinces me that the present crisis is in many respects a fulfillment of the prophecies I made in my book about America, written in 1928.

Jäckh: What are the basis and the aim of American world politics? Can both be considered a kind of 'pacifistic imperialism?' What does the expression, 'Americanization,' really mean?

Keyserling: In the sense of something wholly new that is arising in America, I think that we can speak of neither world politics nor imperialism. I have coined the term, 'privatism,' to describe America's essential structure, for its basis is not in public life, or the forum, but in private life, that is, the atrium. For this reason all definitions suited to European politics seem to me out of place. American pacifism, in particular, has nothing in common with the European variety, though it has much in common with the ancient Chinese.

Here I come to your second question. A genuine Americanization of the world is in my opinion out of the question, since the United States forms a more complete system than any other country. A family or clan never encroaches as such on foreign territory. What is usually meant by Americanization is simply objective progress in

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technology and rationalization. The world will no more be Americanized by developing along these lines than it became German because printing and gun powder were invented in Germany. I think that the unique character of America should be emphasized. Just for this reason I believe that a 'union of ideas' between America and Germany could not be achieved without deep and dangerous misunderstanding. Germany can work hand in hand with the United States more easily than any other European nation because her objectivity, her power of organization, her capacity for work, and above all her brave efforts to recover from an unparalleled collapse are akin to the American virtues. But this coöperation will progress more smoothly and fruitfully the more America and Germany become aware of their essential differences.

Jäckh: What signs are there of the decline of this mechanistic age?

Keyserling: I should prefer not to answer this question as I am giving my first public answer to it in a lecture in Berlin on 'The Mechanistic Age—And After.' I will say only this much. According to the law of historical counterpoint, the present rational-mechanistic period must be followed by a completely different one. In the nature of things this can only be a period centred about the emotions. Now peoples attain historical significance in the degree to which they are predestined to harmonize with the spirit of a given age. Therefore I conclude that the North American period in which we are now living will be followed by a Spanish period. The most important and significant things of the future will come from reawakening Spain and from maturing Spanish-America. This culture cycle, which is no longer Latin and whose last roots are specifically Iberian, contains in embryo all the properties necessary for the completion and overthrow of North American dominance.

Jäckh: Your School of Wisdom has just celebrated its tenth anniversary, almost at the same time as our School for Politics. Are you satisfied with the recent development of the impulse which your school represents?

Keyserling: I am thankful to say that it has far exceeded my expectations. Here in Germany many people do not understand my feeling, because, relying upon assumptions that are not applicable to me, they try to make me out as different from what I am. I am neither a schoolmaster nor a leader of a sect, nor a teacher at all in any customary sense. The meaning of my life is to dispense living impulses. By 'wisdom' I mean simply self-realization and a proper relation to the cosmic entity for the purpose of achieving the greatest possible productivity. Finally, my particular field of activity is no special land, but the world. What started in a small circle in Darmstadt has long radiated over a wider portion of the earth. For two years my principal interest and field of labor have naturally been the Spanish world, since I anticipate so much from its development. And it is an especial pleasure to me to see with what earnestness my most difficult works are being studied in the widest circles of this newly arising world.

England Conquers America

BERNARD FAŸ, a shrewd French commentator on American life who has lectured extensively in the United States, points out that the British have definitely succeeded in winning the sympathy of their American cousins. It is the fashion nowadays in certain quarters to insist that the United States and Great Britain are engaged in an economic war and that the British are being outstripped. M. Faÿ takes a different view:—

There is one nation which the tourist who visits the United States is now forced to think about all the time, England.

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Before 1914 she was the *bête noire*. From 1775 to 1914 she was considered the traditional enemy. Even during the War she was still looked at askance and the United States government put France forward more than England in its great work of pro-Allied propaganda in 1917 and 1918. It was best not to talk too much about England.

To-day, the situation is reversed. Of all European nations it is Great Britain that is spoken of most frequently and with the most pleasure. Unquestionably the English government and the English people have given themselves over to systematic and patient efforts during the past ten years and they have wasted no time in achieving their purpose. A succession of excellent ambassadors including Lord Howard, who has just left, and Sir Ronald Lindsay, who has just arrived, have given the British Embassy in Washington a brilliant prestige in high society. Well-chosen lecturers are continually traveling through the country. This year a delegation of lawyers visited the great centres of North America with Sir John Simon at their head, and that famous specialist on Indian affairs could not refuse to speak often on a subject which he knows so thoroughly and of which Americans are so fond.

Nor has athletic propaganda been neglected. Tennis teams from the big universities, track teams from Oxford, and debating societies from Cambridge have visited Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. University connections have also increased and Oxford has been receiving a number of American students for years past, notably the Rhodes scholars. To return this politeness, a foundation has been established in New York to encourage English students to attend the big American universities. Oxford and the University of London have established chairs of American history. The English-Speaking Union has extended its activities, and other associations have been established to make Americans more conscious of the ties of blood that bind them to England and to the best English families. The King himself has helped this propaganda by making it more easy for American ladies to be presented at court.

Harvard, the most illustrious university in America, has just adopted for its undergraduates a plan inspired by Oxford and has carried this out in the twentieth century in democratic America and in the very heart of New England, which was the centre of the revolution of 1776. The big Wall-Street bankers and members of the Federal Reserve Board, forgetting all spirit of jealousy, have applied themselves for many years to maintaining the London money market and protecting the pound sterling, all of which speaks volumes for the attitude of the social elect in America. Even the government has reversed a policy followed for a hundred years and, in closing the door to European emigrants, has made a special exception of the English by way of proving tangibly that America since 1920 has entered a new era.

The fact is that during the War the American middle class, which is almost exclusively of English and Anglo-Saxon origin, understood the danger of an influx of Germans or Italians, in short, of the mass arrival of any foreign group. Realizing its power, this class evolved a new policy, but it has only been made possible by the attitude of the English, who, feeling themselves on the down grade, made every concession to conciliate American opinion. Bottomley, the only English journalist who dared to be anti-American, was eliminated. Ireland was pacified, thanks to tremendous concessions. Even the English fleet was sacrificed to a certain degree to win American friendship and has been reduced so that it does not threaten the United States. To-day the results have been won. Without any diplomatic alliance and probably without any written treaty, England and America have established a kind of *entente cordiale*. This does not permit the American gov-

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ernment to back up England in details of policy, but the American public is being educated to take the British side if England is threatened. America, where the racial question assumes sharp outlines, has proclaimed itself an Anglo-Saxon power by virtue of its immigration law and it cannot tolerate a defeat of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Ambassador Dumba's Memoirs

CONSTANTIN DUMBA, war-time ambassador from Austria-Hungary to the United States, has just written his reminiscences, which naturally include his experiences in the United States. Here is what he has to say of J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Jacob Schiff:—

Of the great American financial leaders I came to know three fairly well: Morgan, young Rockefeller, and Jacob Schiff, the head of the big international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Morgan I found particularly sympathetic, partly by reason of his appearance and partly because of his natural, easy manner. I made his acquaintance on board the *Lusitania* when my wife and I were returning from a short leave early in December 1913. We were taking our constitutional together on the swaying deck and a sudden pitch of the ship caused us involuntarily to bump into Mr. Morgan. Apologies followed. We then made ourselves acquainted and after that talked together often for considerable periods. During the one storm that broke up our otherwise really delightful crossing, we two found ourselves alone at table. The four ladies of his party as well as my wife had remained below in their cabins. Since Morgan's table was much bigger than mine, he invited me to sit beside him. I accepted the invitation and told him that my wife had tried in vain to get the steward to bring her some of those wonderful hothouse grapes that were being served at his table. She was told that Mr. Morgan had brought these grapes on board from his own hothouse in a big basket. This seemingly chance remark ended in a diplomatic victory, for Morgan thereafter had some of his splendid grapes served to my wife at every meal.

Morgan was over six feet tall, athletically built, and under his bushy eyebrows were deep-set eyes which danced with enthusiasm and humor. I observed with astonishment and amazement his invariable good nature in talking to the four ladies in his family. Here at last was a millionaire who enjoyed living and was not breaking down under the burden of his business worries. He told me that his ideal would be to spend the whole year in England on the estate he had rented and there to hunt assiduously, but unfortunately this was impossible, for Wall Street was calling him home.

I later had occasion to visit him at his office. His father had died about a year before and I have seen few sons who spoke with such love and piety of their fathers. On the occasion I mention he had tears in his eyes. I asked him why he had sold the greater part of his father's art collection in spite of the fact that the tariff had been lowered on imported works of art. He replied that he had two sisters to look out for and that he did not want to have a disproportionately large amount of his property immobilized in art treasures. He had also unexpectedly discovered in going through the correspondence of his lamented parent that many of the pictures had not yet been paid for.

Socially, Morgan did not play so much of a rôle as the Vanderbilts, Astors, and Stuyvesant Fishes. Mrs. Morgan came from Boston and was, I believe, deeply religious, for to my considerable surprise I read a prayer she herself had written in the New York *Herald* urging wives to respect their husbands. Before the War Morgan was by no means one of the richest financial magnates. His enormous wealth

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originated in the war period, when he became financial agent for the Allies and was interested in all deliveries of goods and money made to them. During this period we met no longer, for his office had become a kind of miniature headquarters for our enemies.

Rockefeller, Jr., was a very different type. Short, slight, and very pale, he did not seem to find any pleasure or satisfaction in all his millions. When I asked him whether he ever went to dinners or balls he replied that he had to get up very early and that even then he was only able to supervise a small number of the many undertakings dependent upon him. He seldom had time for parties or even entertainments, since he had to go to sleep early. He did, however, often dance at dinnertime to give himself a little exercise.

I was better acquainted with the venerable Jacob Schiff, head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, whose partners included Felix Warburg and Otto Kahn. Jacob Schiff represented the largest investment house in America, which on account of its numerous connections with the Continent floated many European loans in the United States. Our own finance minister, Zaleski, had floated a 5½ per cent issue of Austrian treasury bills amounting to twenty-five million dollars through the house of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, payment of which fell due on December 21, 1915. Since I knew that many Englishmen owned our treasury bills, I followed the example of the Allied Powers and did what I could to prevent their repayments from reaching citizens of enemy powers.

On this particular occasion I had to deal with Mortimer Schiff, the son of Jacob, who was as able as he was tactful. Jacob Schiff was at that time the head of the biggest Jewish organization in New York, which numbered nearly one million members. He was very generous and gave big sums to charity. In one hospital he alone had endowed a hundred beds and supplied the necessary capital for their maintenance. What I liked especially was his lovely, harmonious family life. I visited him on his country estate and have nothing but the pleasantest recollections of that week-end.

A French View of American Sport

LUCIEN DUBECH, who contributes frequently to the French press on the subject of sport, does not care for the American tradition of playing to win and contrasts it unfavorably with the British tradition of fair play:—

As long as sport remained British, it was aristocratic, chivalrous, courteous, and organized as a hierarchy. The noble young companions of Byron and Beau Brummell left a durable imprint upon it. Their memory transmitted itself from generation to generation so vigorously that there still exists a team of amateurs who bear the name Corinthians, that the old-fashioned dandies took as a symbol of elegance. And a nobleman, the Marquess of Queensberry, imposed on the violent sport of boxing rules that made it seem to him like a civilized game.

Americans, on the other hand, bring to this domain a pride of unlimited naïveté, hitherto without precedent, to wit, the will to win at all costs. Games are no longer played by the different classes of a nation full of class distinction, a nation that never mixes social categories. It is now simply a question of coming in first. Americans do not compete on the basis of fair play but simply to win. The spirit of combat has replaced the spirit of play. All methods become good, nor is brutality the worst method possible, and this violent desire to force their way to victory leads the Americans to force nature itself as well.

They did not take up sport until they had packed themselves into cities like sardines in a can. The early prairie pioneers had no more need of physical exer-

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cise than the Roman legions, the soldiers of Jenghiz Khan, or Napoleon's old guard. The desire for physical activity as a compensating influence dates from the moment when intellectual activity became less valuable, when compulsory education, by making knowledge more vulgar, diminished its prestige. Anti-intellectualism is a barbaric word that describes a barbaric condition peculiar to our time. Sport has found a field of development here and the world at large is more or less following the example of America, for when intellectual values decline, physical values rise. Because Americans want to keep their leading position, they develop themselves phenomenally, yet obstinately swear in the face of evidence to the contrary that these developments are quite pure.

But how can they be pure in a country where money is king and each person feels that wealth gives a privileged position to individuals and nations? There is a fatal contradiction between the American spirit and the spirit of sport. By one of those paradoxes so frequent in human nature the most sporting country in the world, the country that has conquered the sport of the world, is at the same time the country that propagates most directly the spirit that is opposed to everything best in sport.

Morand Explains America

PAUL MORAND, having recently finished two books on the United States, *New York* and *World Champions*, has written this brief justification of present-day America for *Le Figaro* of Paris.

You ask me my impressions of America. What trip do you refer to and what America? I left New York a year and a half ago. It was then an immensely rich and prosperous city. I had dollars in my pocket. America, being rich and happy, possessed only friends. Everybody loved America because it was succeeding in everything. To-day my Radio Corporation stock, for which I paid $250 a share, is worth only $14 a share. The liners are empty and America is detested.

Yes, detesting America has become the fashion of the intelligentzia, from Knut Hamsun to Tagore, yet this does not prevent Tagore from giving lectures in America and accepting the dollars whose dreadful effects he denounces. At bottom this is the same attitude Tolstoi took in 1900. As for the average Frenchman, he does not like American civilization because it is too big. Of anything big he will always say that it lacks proportion. He uses himself as a standard of measure for the whole world, without recognizing that in everything that does not concern the mind he is below the average.

When the War ended, France came out of her shell. She compared herself to the world at large and saw that this world was out of proportion. She saw that living on such a scale was endangering her civilization, which up to then she had skillfully defended from outside attacks. Hence the present tendency to turn back to her own resources. Nor is this phenomenon unique. When the War was over Germany and Italy also advanced beyond their frontiers. They, too, compared their own ideas of themselves with the idea that the rest of the world had of them. They suffered, perhaps, from an inferiority complex that arose from the conflict between their national dreams and international realities.

I have asserted that in France the older people rejoiced from the bottoms of their hearts at any attacks on American culture, while the youth of the country remained absolutely indifferent. And after all youth is the only important thing. Young people clearly understand that the American adventure is not ideal. Nevertheless, they know it will be their adventure some day. They have but one youth and they love it for what it is, without sighing for the good old days.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

ISCHL. February, Winter Sports.
VIENNA. February, Art Exhibition at Künstlerhaus; *March 15–31*, Norwegian Art Exhibition; *April 22*, Hairdressers' Contest; *5, 12, 19, 26*, Exhibitions of the Spanish Riding School.

Canada

MURRAY BAY. February–March 6, Winter Sports.
PAS. March, Championship 200-Mile Non-Stop Dog Race.

Cuba

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 17, Mardi Gras.

Czechoslovakia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 3, President's Day, President Masaryk's 81st Birthday.
PIEŠTANY. April 4, Poland-Czechoslovakia Fencing Match.
PRAGUE. February 15–28, Table-Tennis International Championship; *March 22–29*, Sample Fair; *April 27–30*, Spring Art Exhibition.

Denmark

CHARLOTTENLUND. Late April, Horse Races.
COPENHAGEN. March, 20th Jubilee Anniversary of the Union of Temperance Organizations; *March 20–April 9*, Hygiene Exhibition.
KLAMPENBORG. Late April, Horse Races.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 12, Mi-Carême.
PARIS. Lectures at the Salle Gaveau: *February 13*, Marcel Prévost, '*Le Jeune Homme Moderne*'; *19*, Bernard de Sariac and the Don Cossacks, '*L'Âme Slave*'; *March 2*, Princesse Lucien Murat, '*L'Aiglon à Schönbrunn*'; *5*, Mme. Suzanne Balguerie, '*Les Poètes de L'Idéal*'; *20*, André Maurois, '*Instantané d'Amérique*'; *19*, Louis Barthou and Mme. Lotte Lehmann, '*Wagner Poète*'; *24*, Albert Sarraut, '*Le Génie Colonisateur.*'

Germany

BERLIN. February 28–March 1, Fancy Ice-Skating World Championship; *13–20*, Six-Day Bicycle Race; *15, 16*, Berlin Symphony Concert with Maurice Ravel; *15–20*, International Restaurant Fair and Cooking Exposition; *March 29, 30*, Beethoven Evening; *April 2–9*, Nature Conservation Exposition.
BRESLAU. April, German Psychiatrists' Congress.
DRESDEN. March 6, 29, April 17, Saxon State Orchestra Symphony Concerts.
DORTMUND. March 5–9, Riding and Driving Tournaments.
ESSEN. April 5, 6, Rhineland-Westphalia Music Festival.
FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. April 25, 26, 9th Annual Exposition of German Dog-Fanciers Association.
KÖLN. February 15–17, Carnival; *16*, Rose-Monday Procession; *March 22–25*, General Spring Fair, Sample Fair; *April 19–22*, Furniture Fair.
KONSTANZ. March, Historical Carnival Processions.
LEIPZIG. February and March, Gewandhaus Concerts; *March 1–7*, Spring Fair, Sample Fair; *April 1–11*, Great Technical and Building Fair; *12*, Easter Furs and Leather Fair.
MAINZ. February 15–17, Rhenish Carnival.
WIESBADEN. April, Spring Fashion Show, Concerts.

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HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. March 29, Holland-Belgium Football Match; *April 26*, Holland-Germany Football Match; *10–26*, International Sugar Exhibition.
UTRECHT. March 11–20, Spring Fair.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. February 28, Cortot-Thibaud Concerto Concert; *March 1–7*, International Indoor Tennis Tournament; *20–25*, Hungarian Agricultural Exposition and Fair; *22*, Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra, Hungary-Czechoslovakia Football Match; *March 28–April 6*, International Motor Car Show; *5–6*, *Grand-Prix* Motor Races; *12*, Hungary-Switzerland Football Match.

ITALY

FLORENCE. April 1–May 31, Florentine Spring Festival.
MILAN. February, Scala Opera Season; *March 26, 29, 30*, Gallop Races; *April 12–27*, International Sample Fair.
ROME. February 12, Papal Coronation Anniversary Service, Sistine Chapel; *March*, Races; *19*, Animals-in-Art Exhibition; *April*, Rome Country Club Golf Tournament; *27–May 18*, Courses of Study for Foreigners.
SAN REMO. March, Carnival, Battle of Flowers, Athletic Competitions, Opera and Concert Season.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. April 30, Walpurgis Night, Arrival of Spring.
KIRUNA. March, best time for aurora borealis.
STOCKHOLM. February 22, 25, Stockholm Symphony Concerts; *March 7–8*, European Skating Championship; *17*, *Bal Masqué*, Royal Opera House; *22*, First Winter *Grand-Prix* Motor Race.

SPAIN

SEVILLE. March 28–April 5, Holy-Week Processions.

SWITZERLAND

ANDERMATT. March, Hockey and Shooting Matches, Bob Races, Ski-Jumping Competition.
AROSA. March, Spring Ski Races.
BASEL. February 14, Symphony Concert; *23–25*, Basel Carnival; *March 14, 28*, Symphony Concerts under the direction of Dr. Felix Weingartner.
BERN. March 15, Italy-Switzerland Football Match; *April*, International Fencing Tournament for Ladies.
BIENNE. February 21–23, Carnival with *Bal Masqué* and Pageants.
DAVOS-PLATZ. March, Spring Ski Meeting; *April*, University Courses.
ENGELBERG. February 16, Joch Pass Ski Race and Jumping Competition.
GENEVA. March 6–15, International Motor Car Show; *23–28*, International Congress of Psychical Research; *April*, World Billiards Championship.
GRINDELWALD. March, Ski Excursion from Eismeer to Grindelwald.
GSTAD. February 1–15, Seventh International University Ski Championships and Swiss University Winter-Sport Championships, Gala Fencing.
MONTANA. March, Ski-joring.
MONTREUX. February 9, English Theatre Performances; *April*, International Tennis and Hockey Tournaments.
ST. MORITZ. February 22, International Ice Hockey Matches; *March*, International Spring Ski Races.
WENGEN. March 1–15, Ski Races.
ZÜRICH. March 18, Concert by Casals, Cortot, Thibaud; *April 2, 3*, Bach's Passion of St. John; *29*, Celebration of the University Foundation Anniversary, with Torch Procession.

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

THE SECOND volume of Egon Friedell's *A Cultural History of the Modern Age* appeared some months ago in Germany, but only the first volume is so far available in English translation. Friedell has been compared to Oswald Spengler, for whose work he has expressed great admiration, but he is considerably easier reading. This may well be due to the fact that he has written for the stage and has not maintained himself in scholarly solitude like Spengler.

THE DESCRIPTION by Miss Mary Sheepshanks of Poland's reign of terror in the Ukraine demands a word of explanation. It was not the sensational character of her report that led us to place it before our readers but rather the lesson that it suggests: to wit, that Poland is incompetent to manage its own affairs. The Germans and their friends are now pushing a general campaign to discredit Poland, and the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* seems to be lending its support to these efforts. Without attempting to judge the merits of the case, we believe that evidence of this kind is of the first importance.

THE ENGLISH reading public have been expressing enthusiasm over a new book on their country entitled *The Unknown Isle*, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Some of our readers are already acquainted with the work of this writer, for we printed in October an amusing essay of his on Spain. On this occasion he traces some recent trends in English literature, which he describes as much more radical than that of any other nation. His thesis is that England moves slowly but never backward.

SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON, one of the foremost scientists in Great Britain, has lately attracted attention in the newspapers by asserting that the universe we live in is still in the process of explosion. Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, the author of a popular handbook on relativity, describes a recent interview with Sir Arthur and relates his views on some of the everyday problems of existence.

ONE OF these problems is the use to which publicity is put nowadays. Robert Lynd, who contributes a weekly essay to the *New Statesman* over the signature, 'Y. Y.,' uses Sir Arthur as a text for a hopeful interpretation of the modern tendency to vulgarize via the press. Several of Mr. Lynd's collections of essays have been published in the United States in book form and he also contributes from time to time to leading American magazines.

SO MANY readers have responded to our suggestion urging them to send us the names of their friends who might enjoy THE LIVING AGE that we have not yet been able to thank them individually for their thoughtfulness. Because our editorial policy is one of strict impartiality, we are more than gratified by this reassurance that our subscribers do recognize that the magazine is performing as definite a function as any frankly partisan organ. It is our aim to gather into one group all Americans who believe that the welfare of our own country and of the world at large can best be promoted by attempting to understand the problems and points of view of other nations. In time, THE LIVING AGE will automatically attract to itself the whole of this public, but this process should never be permitted to lag. Making more people acquainted with the magazine is the surest way of attracting new readers and the friends of our present readers are obviously the most desirable prospects anywhere.

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WAR AND PEACE

WE have to choose between peace and war, between coöperation and conflict, between a developing and ennobling civilization and a collapse into the barbarism of the past. We have to make that choice now, we cannot evade it or postpone it. For unless we can build the structure of world peace upon a firm foundation, unless we can do it now before the memories of war have faded, we may depend upon it that sooner or later—and probably rather sooner than later—a cataclysm will come upon the world which will engulf all that we care about in Western civilization.—*Arthur Henderson, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.*

With the United States and Japan working together, it is unthinkable that the peace of the Pacific will be disturbed, whatever may happen in other parts of the world. By establishing perfect understanding and harmonious coöperation with America Japan hopes to be the better able to perform her function as a stabilizing force in the Far East.—*Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States.*

I cannot help saying that I think it very unfortunate that when we are sitting here in such comfort and in such peace we should have nothing better to do than to write and read about the indecencies of the soldiers' life and the horrors of their physical sufferings, and should not find a word to say of the splendor, of the courage, the unselfishness, the generosity, and the self-sacrifice which carried them through.—*Dr. C. A. Alington, Head Master of Eton.*

The real pacifists who would advance their cause will act in time of peace, for such action will accomplish more and be most effective at that time. Pacifists should work actively to recruit people to the idea all over the world. And to the timid ones it is necessary to say that if you got only two per cent of the people the cause of peace would be saved, for that many people would be by far too many to cope with. There would not be jail room enough for them all.

In our political situation it is the duty of man to commit crime in the name of his state or his country. It seems to me that it is more his duty to free mankind from this sort of thing. There are two ways in which this may be done. The first, which has already been practised in many countries, is to refuse military duty in time of war. Real pacifists should practice this in times of peace as well. In countries where there is compulsory military service this can be done. In countries where there is no conscription, however, the pacifist can only publicly declare that he will refuse any military duty in time of war. Unless you will do these things, unless you are willing to show this necessary courage, you will remain just pacifists.—*Professor Albert Einstein.*

We do not want another war. We must not even contemplate one, and above all we must do our utmost to avoid any war. On the other hand, we must not forget the Great War. To forget that, which means to neglect to honor those who fought, not only the fallen, but the survivors, is a way to breed new wars. If you read history you will find that in the past nations have been apt to take up arms lightheartedly, and the reason has generally been that the rising generation never realized the horrors that had happened before their day.—*The Prince of Wales.*

The Locarno Treaty, the Kellogg Pact, and wide acceptance of the optional clause have all been encouraging signs. Combined with the results of the Washington and London naval conferences, they seem to indicate that the time has come when the League should be able to convene a general disarmament conference with every prospect of successful issue.—*James H. Scullin, Australian Premier.*

There has never been a time when statesmen of Europe have taken so many steps to prevent war. They are using pacific means to adjust their controversies. I have been asked about the German elections, and if the condition there was not indicative of a turn toward conflict. I say no.—*Honorable Frank B. Kellogg, Former American Secretary of State and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, 1930.*

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